BEST REVIVAL SONGS

AUSTIN AVENUE CHURCH
Waco, Texas

Best Revival Songs

ALBERT C. FISHER, Music Editor

PRICE

$12.50 per hundred. Transportation extra. Single copies 15c each, postpaid.

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PREFACE

The urgent need of a practical revival song book has long been recognized by the Association of General Evangelists of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At their 1923 annual session, a committee composed of Rev. W. M. McIntosh, Rev. Albert C. Fisher, Rev. A. J. Notestine, Mr. John U. Robinson, and Mr. W. G. Waltermire, were appointed and instructed to arrange for the publication of a book to contain approximately 150 of our most popular and useful songs.

BEST REVIVAL SONGS is the result of the work of this Committee. The selections were chosen after soliciting suggestions from numerous people experienced in evangelistic work. These songs represent the choice numbers from the best known song book publishers of the world. A good many of them were obtained at an expense not ordinarily involved in a revival song book.

The Publishers are proud of the making of this song book and send it forth to become a worthy companion to the COKESBURY HYMNAL, its contemporary, in the "All Purpose" class.

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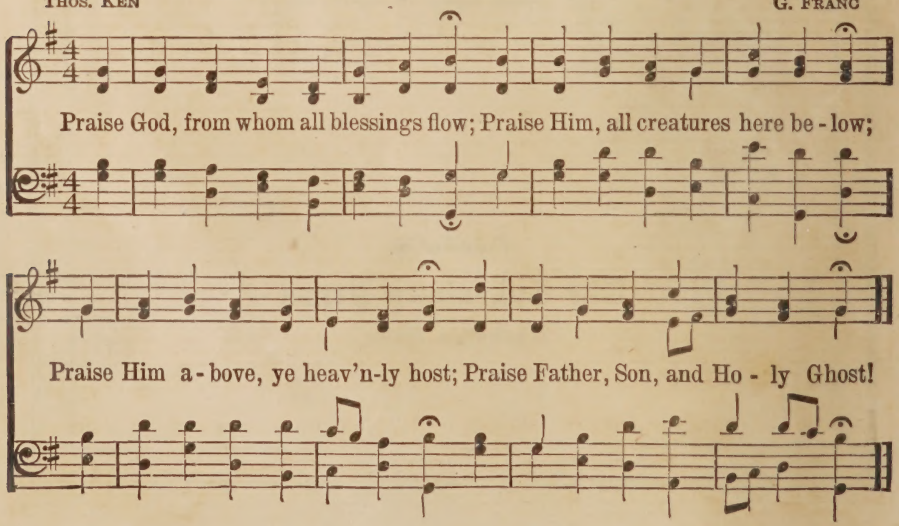
Doxology

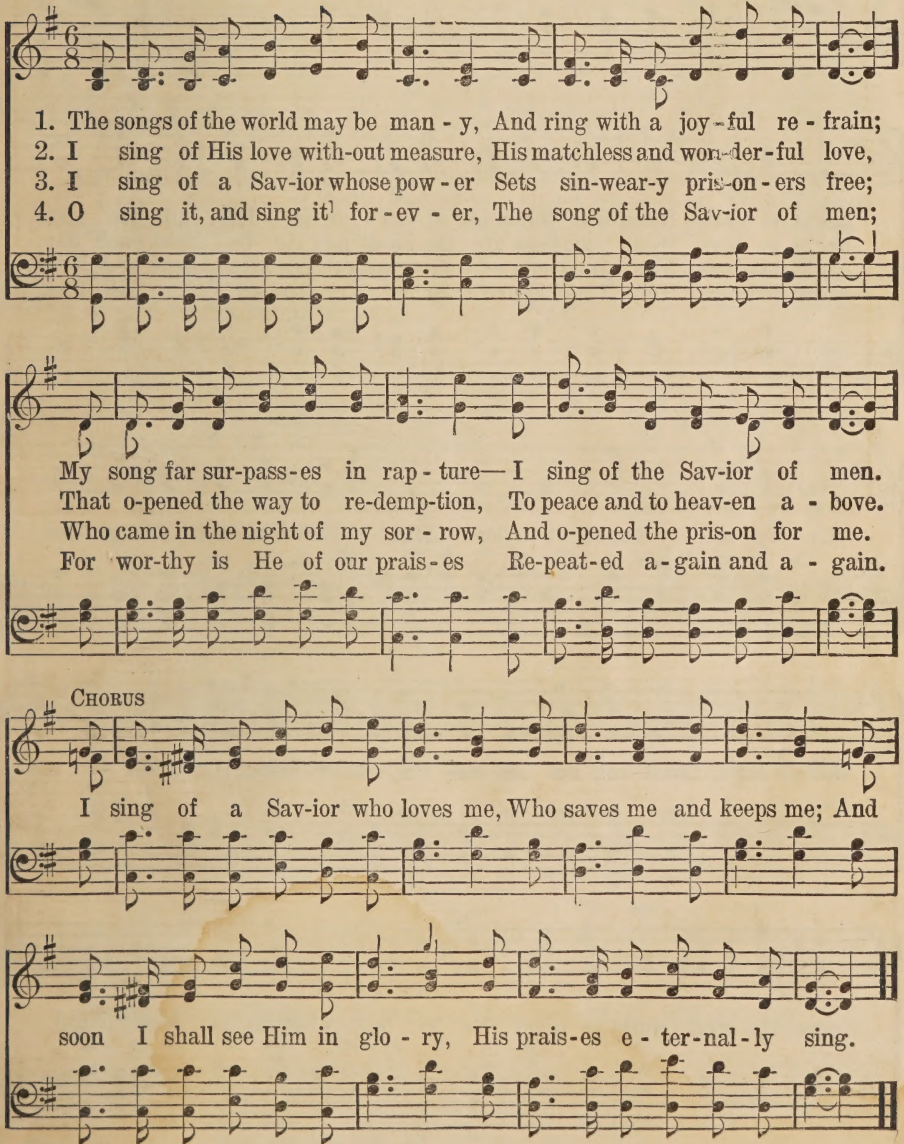
THOS. KEN G. FRANC


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Best Revival Songs

1 I Sing of a Savior

WILLIAM M. RUNYAN HARRY DIXON LOES


1. The songs of the world may be man - y, And ring with a joy - ful re - frain;
2. I sing of His love with-out measure, His matchless and won-der-ful love,
3. I sing of a Sav-ior whose pow - er Sets sin-wear-y pris-on - ers free;
4. O sing it, and sing it for - ev - er, The song of the Sav-ior of men;
My song far sur-pass-es in rap - ture— I sing of the Sav-ior of men.
That o-pened the way to re-demp-tion, To peace and to heav-en a - bove.
Who came in the night of my sor - row, And o-pened the pris-on for me.
For wor-thy is He of our prais-es Re-peat-ed a-gain and a - gain.
CHORUS
I sing of a Sav-ior who loves me, Who saves me and keeps me; And
soon I shall see Him in glo - ry, His prais-es e - ter-nal-ly sing.

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Everybody Ought to Love Him

JAMES ROWE — ALBERT C. FISHER

1. Je - sus came from Glo - ry - land the world to save; Ev - 'ry - bod - y
2. Count-less are the bur - dens He has rolled a - way; Ev - 'ry - bod - y
3. For His own, in heav - en, still He in - ter - cedes; Ev - 'ry - bod - y
4. Sin - ner, won't you heed His plea and look a - bove? Ev - 'ry - bod - y
ought to love Him: On the cross of Cal - va - ry His all He gave,
ought to love Him: Countless are the bless-ings He be - stows each day;
ought to love Him: Who-so - ev - er trust - eth Him He keeps and leads;
ought to love Him: There is room for ev - 'ry - bod - y in His love;
CHORUS
Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Him! Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to
love Him, Count - ing no one else a - bove Him; His life Je - sus
gave, the whole world to save; Ev - 'ry - bod - y ought to love Him!

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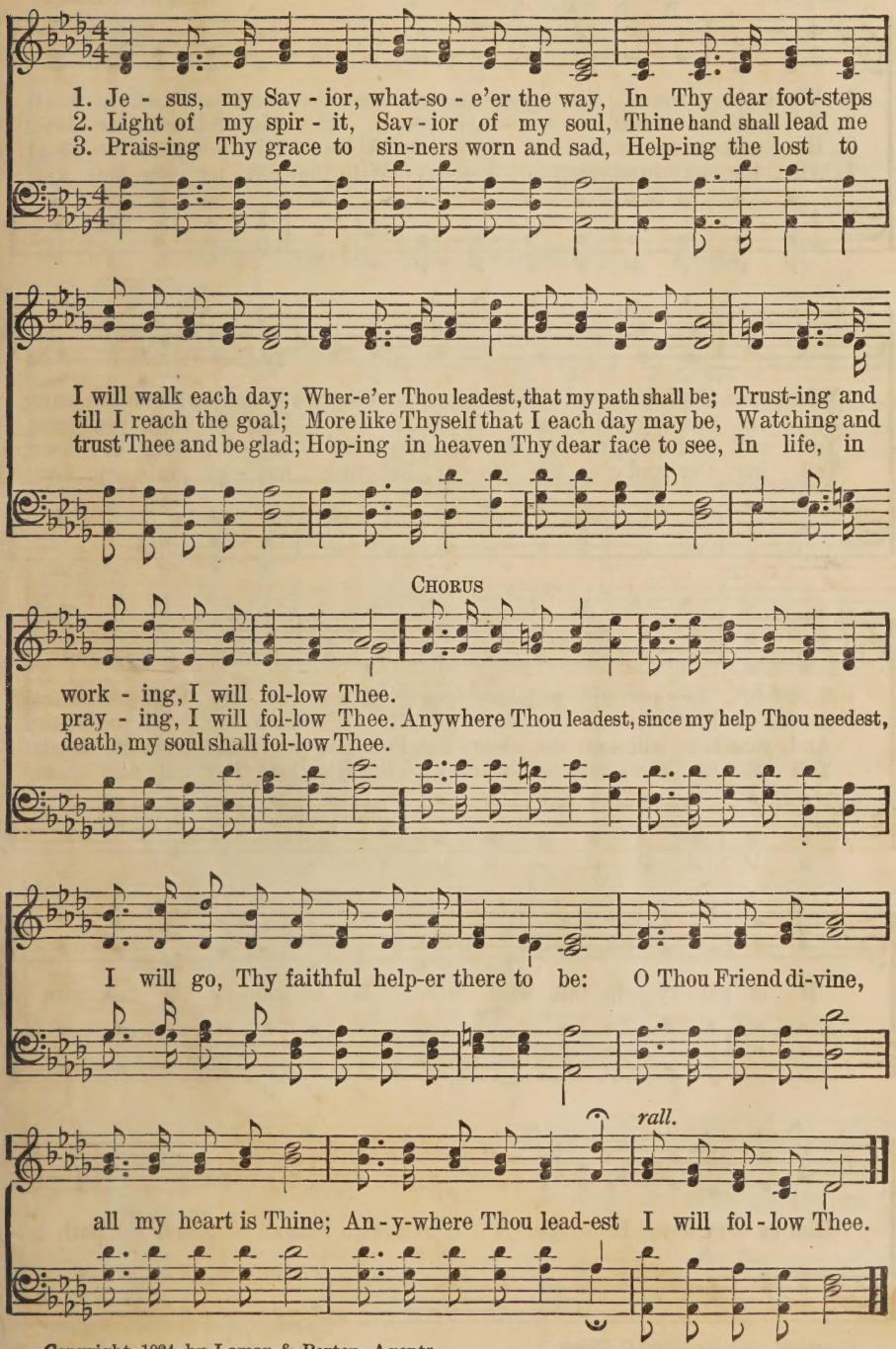
Anywhere Thou Leadest

JAMES ROWE HARRY DIXON LOES


1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, what-so - e'er the way, In Thy dear foot-steps
2. Light of my spir - it, Sav - ior of my soul, Thine hand shall lead me
3. Prais-ing Thy grace to sin-ners worn and sad, Help-ing the lost to
I will walk each day; Wher-e'er Thou leadest, that my path shall be; Trust-ing and
till I reach the goal; More like Thyself that I each day may be, Watching and
trust Thee and be glad; Hop-ing in heaven Thy dear face to see, In life, in
CHORUS
work - ing, I will fol-low Thee.
pray - ing, I will fol-low Thee. Anywhere Thou leadest, since my help Thou needest,
death, my soul shall fol-low Thee.
I will go, Thy faithful help-er there to be: O Thou Friend di-vine,
rall.
all my heart is Thine; An - y-where Thou lead-est I will fol - low Thee.

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It Is Glory to Talk With Him

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER

1. When the cares of life op - press you And the load is hard to bear;
2. Tri - als great will o - ver - take you In this sin - ful world be - low;
3. He will nev - er tire of hear - ing When to Him you pray or plead;
4. All the way from earth to glo - ry With the Sav - ior you may go;
When your troub-les great dis - tress you And there's none who seems to care;
Je - sus nev - er will for - sake you, If to Him in faith you go;
You will find His grace so cheer-ing, In the try - ing hour of need;
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, Let - ting hap - py prais - es flow;
Talk to Je - sus, He will bless you And your ev - 'ry bur - den share;
Storms of life can nev - er shake you, If His keep - ing grace you know;
And your sky will soon be clear - ing, For His pow'r is great in - deed;
Tell it to the young and hoar - y, That His love they all may know;
CHORUS
It is glo - ry to talk with Him. It is glo - ry to talk with
Him ev - 'ry day; It is glo - ry to walk with Him all the way; My path is

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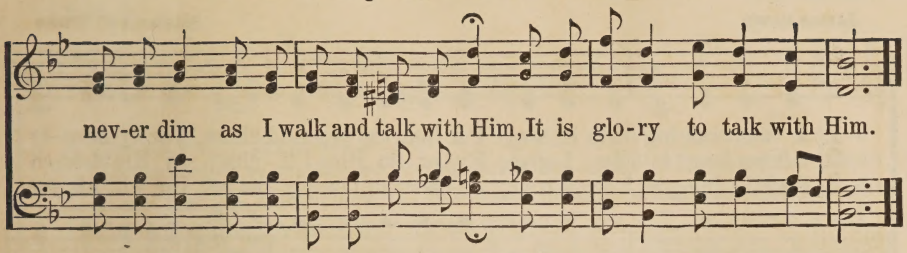
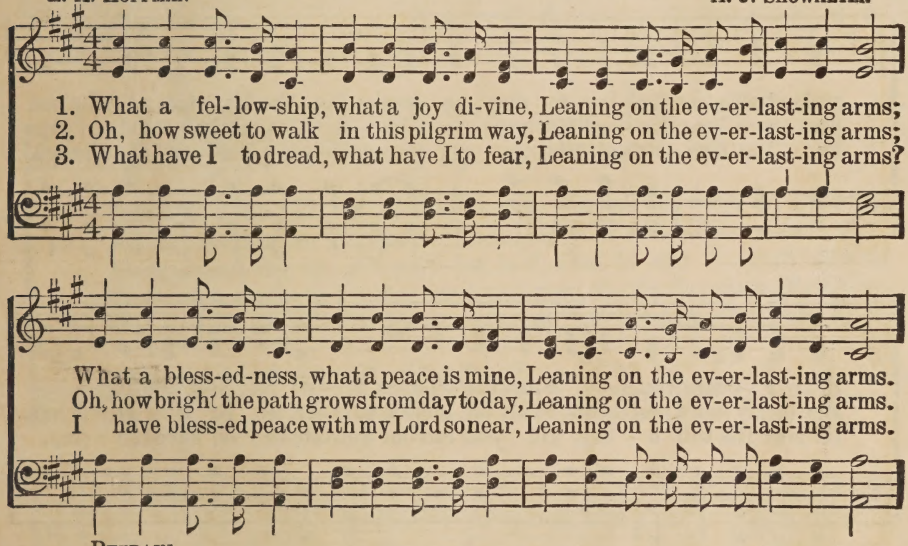
It Is Glory to Talk With Him

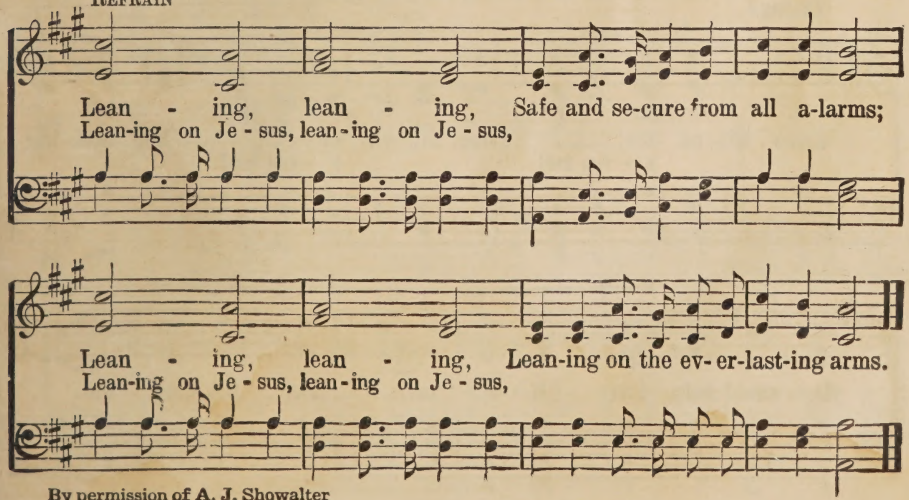


5 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

E. A. HOFFMAN A. J. SHOWALTER


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms?
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

REFRAIN


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

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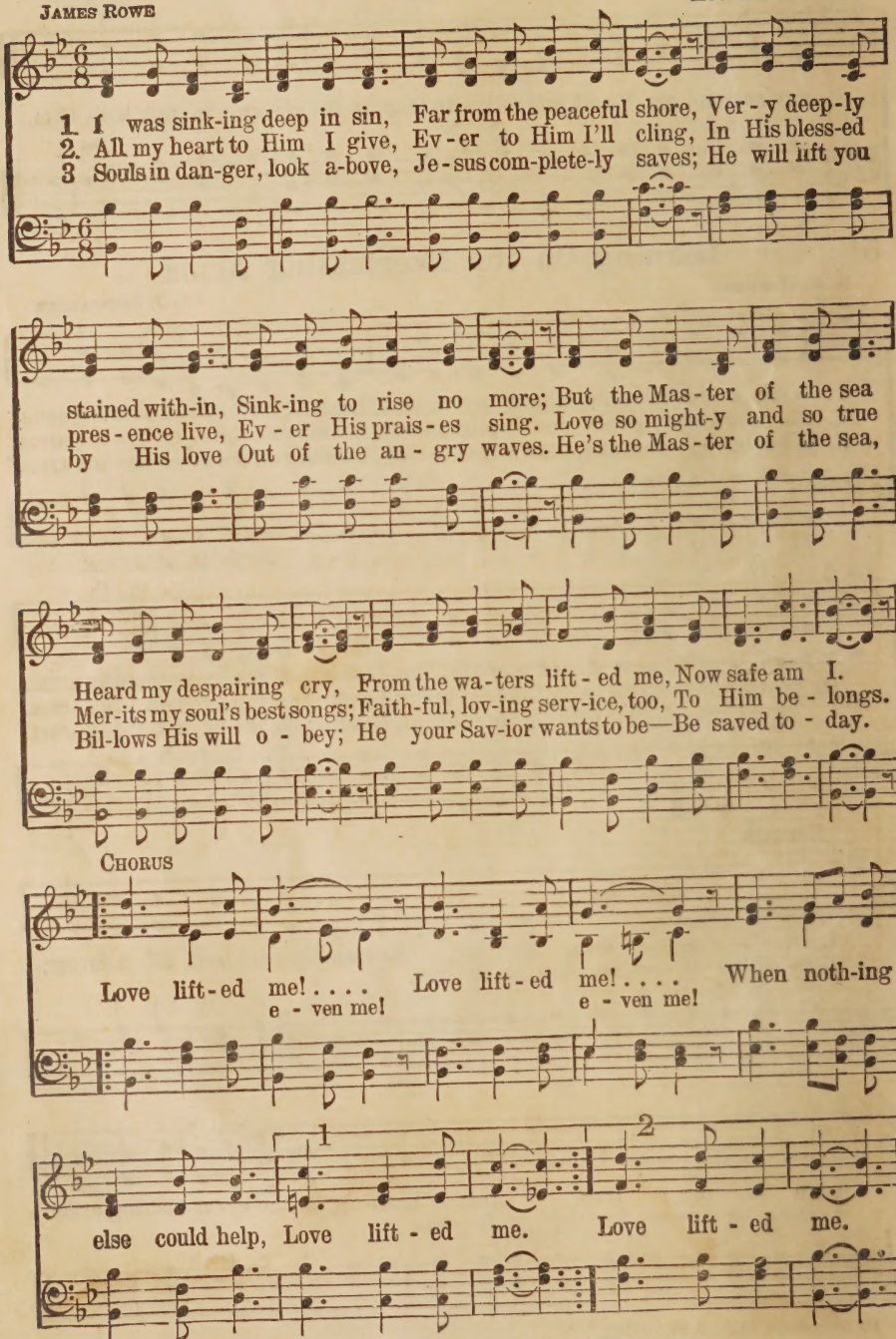
Love Lifted Me

JAMES ROWE

HOWARD E. SMITH


1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3 Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS
Love lift-ed me!.... Love lift-ed me!.... When noth-ing
e-ven me! e-ven me!
else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me.
1
2

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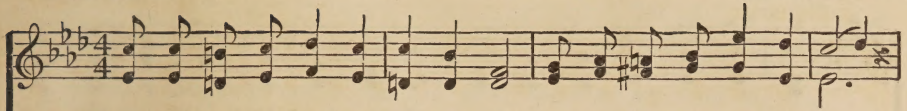
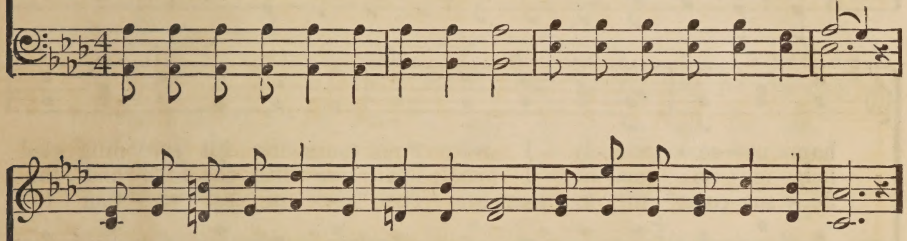
He Keeps Me Singing

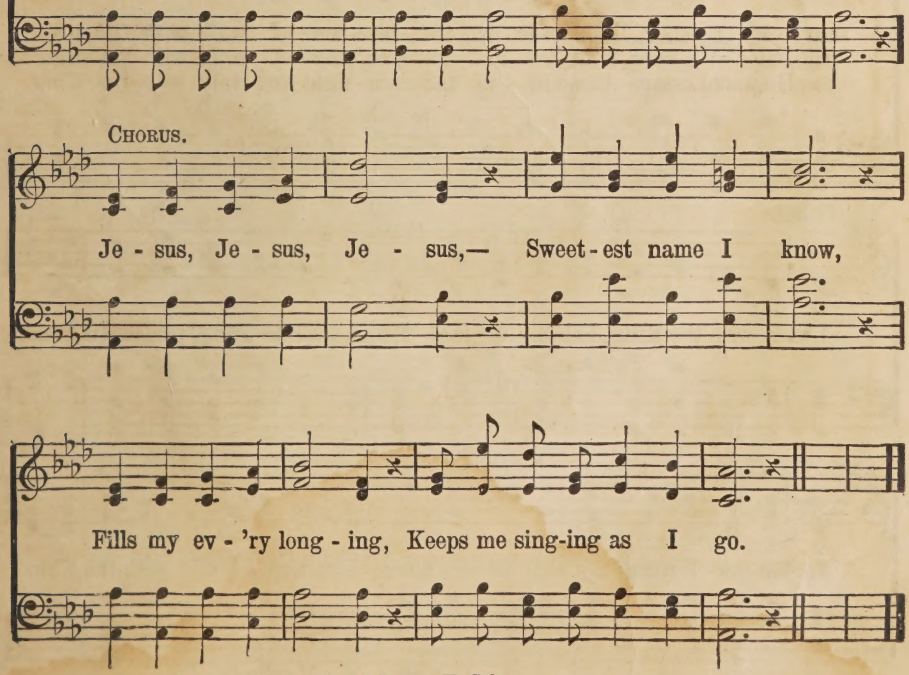
L. B. B. L. B. BRIDGERS



1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil - ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,

Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go.

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I Walk With the King

JAMES ROWE B. D. ACKLEY

1. In sor - row I wan-dered, my spir - it op - prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet - ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de - spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let
hap - py—se - cure - ly I rest; From morn - ing till eve - ning glad
help me—no com - fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to
car - ols I sing, And this is the rea - son—I walk with the King.
sunbeams of spring, I'm free and re - joic - ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in - to the sun - light and walk with the King.
CHORUS
I walk with the King, hal-le - lu - jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!
No lon-ger I roam, my soul fa - ces home, I walk and I talk with the King.

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I Choose Jesus

JAMES ROWE — SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus I give con-trol, He is the best for me.
Al-ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore; He is the best for me.

CHORUS

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend; . . What I need I know that He will send; . . I have proved Him,
Yes, I choose my Sav-ior al-ways when I need a help-ful friend; What I need I know that sure-ly He to me will free - ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and

good and true is He; . . I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me. . .
al-ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.

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WILSON

10 He'll Walk With Me All the Way

L. J. WILLIAMS CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. I know that my Sav - ior will nev - er for - sake, I know that my
2. He'll lead me in paths that are pleas-ant and green, And show me new
3. My eyes will new beau - ty and glo - ry per - ceive, As dai - ly His
faith in Him nev - er will shake; My jour - ney a path - way of
glo - ries so long since un - seen; His hand will I hold all se-
bless - ing life's tan - gles un - weave; I'll hold to His hand and no
glad - ness He'll make, He'll walk with me all the way.
cure and se - rene, He'll walk with me all the way.
more let Him leave, He'll walk with me all the way.
CHORUS
He'll walk with me all the way, . . He'll walk with me all the way, . .
He'll walk with me all the way, He'll walk with me all the way,
He'll help me o'er sin the vic - t'ry to win, And walk with me all the way.

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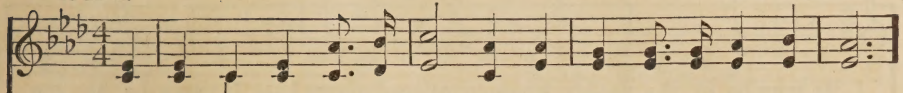
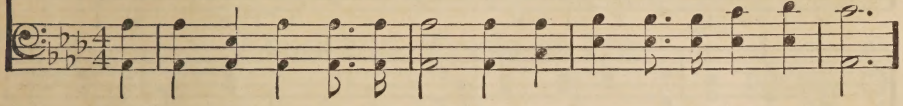
11 My Savior's Love

C. H. G. CHAS. H GABRIEL



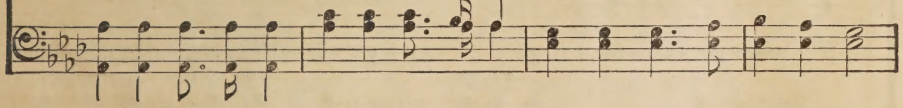
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

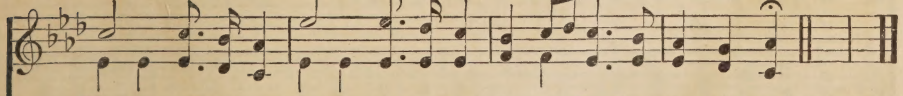


And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

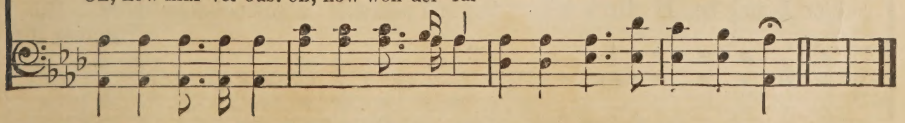
CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!





How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



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If Jesus Goes With Me

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a-bide; But this one thing I know—if it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an-y-where!
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burning des-erts to those in sin-ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an-y-where!
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an-y-where!
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol-low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or wheth-er here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, Con-tent an-y-where!

Chorus

If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go.... An-y-where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher-e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.. His cross, His

I'll go

His

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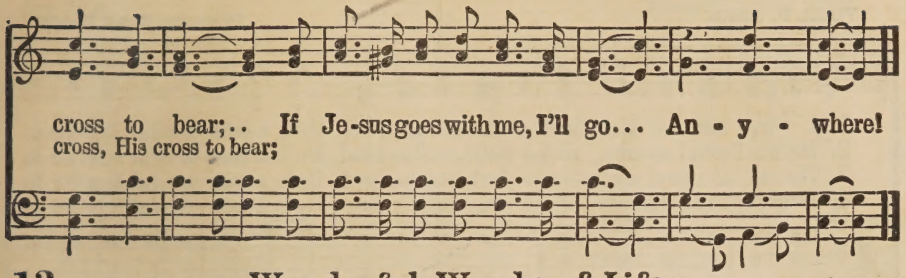
If Jesus Goes With Me



13 Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free-ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
Refrain
1
2
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life.

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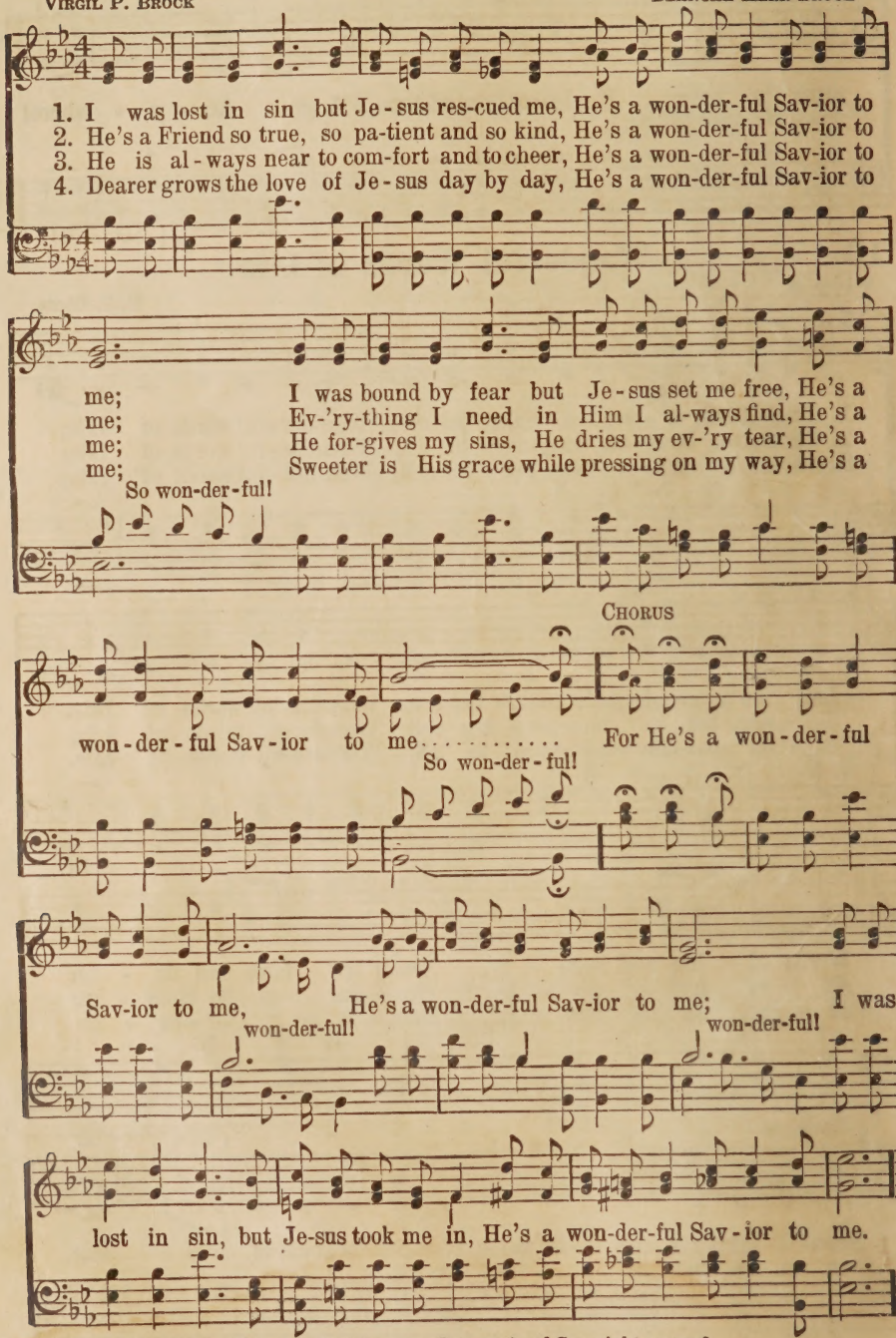
He's a Wonderful Savior to Me

VIRGIL P. BROCK

BLANCHE KERR BROCK


1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus res-cued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a
So won-der-ful!
CHORUS
won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!
Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful!
won-der-ful!
lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

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His Blood Availed For Me

A. S. R. — Albert Simpson Reitz

1. There's a crim - son tide from the Sav - ior's side, And it purg - eth all who plunge there - in; O its heal - ing stream
2. There's a bound - less sea flow - ing full and free, From the cross where Je - sus bled and died; O its pre - cious flow
3. From the con - trite heart He doth ne'er de - part, But He of - fers par - don o'er and o'er; He the sins doth roll

doth the soul re - deem, And it cleans - eth from all sin.
wash - es white as snow, And its mer - cies e'er a - bide.
from the bur - dened soul, And re - mem - bers them no more.

Chorus

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! It cleansed my heart and made me free;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! His blood a - vailed for me.

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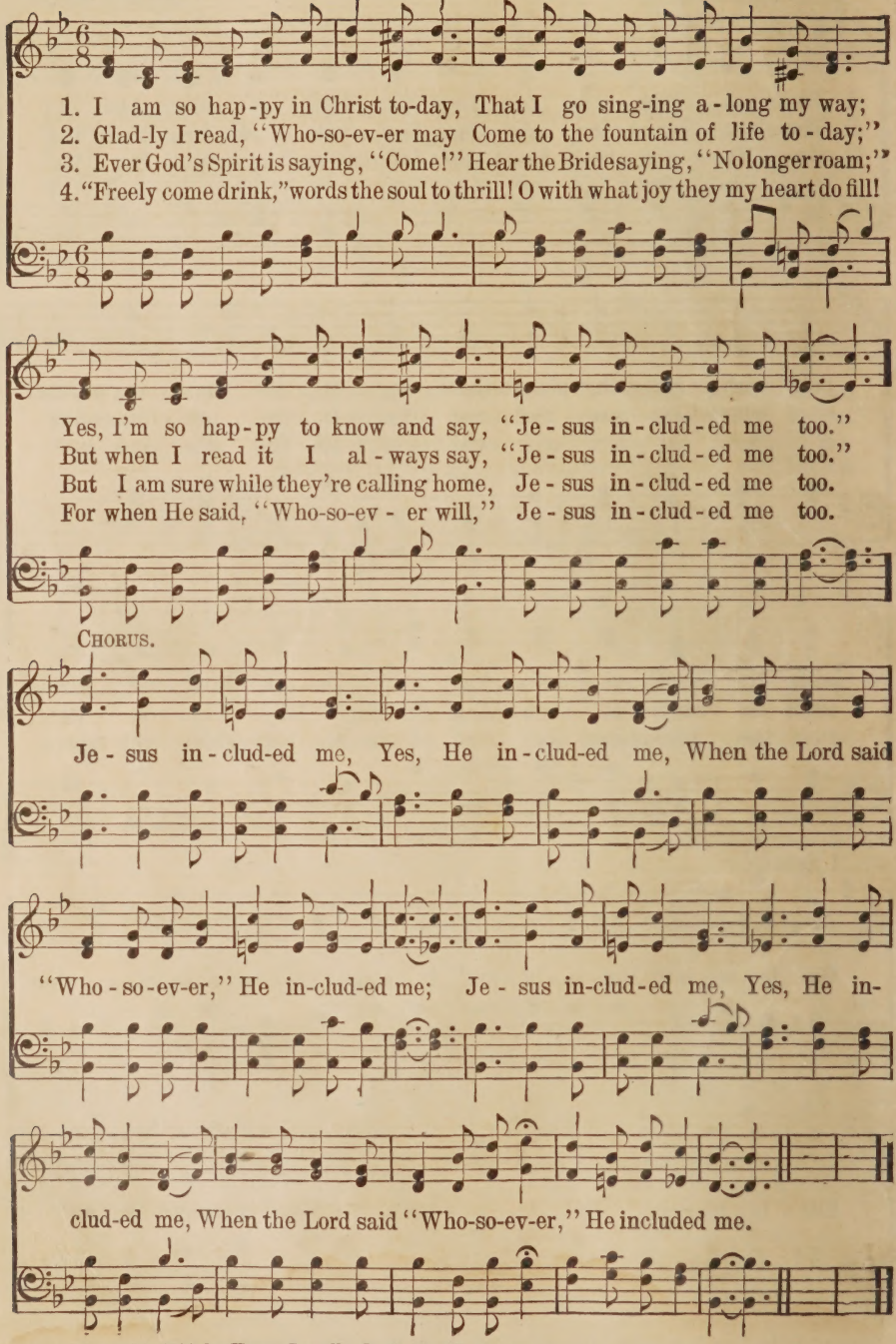
He Included Me

REV. J. OATMAN, JR. HAMP SEWELL


1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me.

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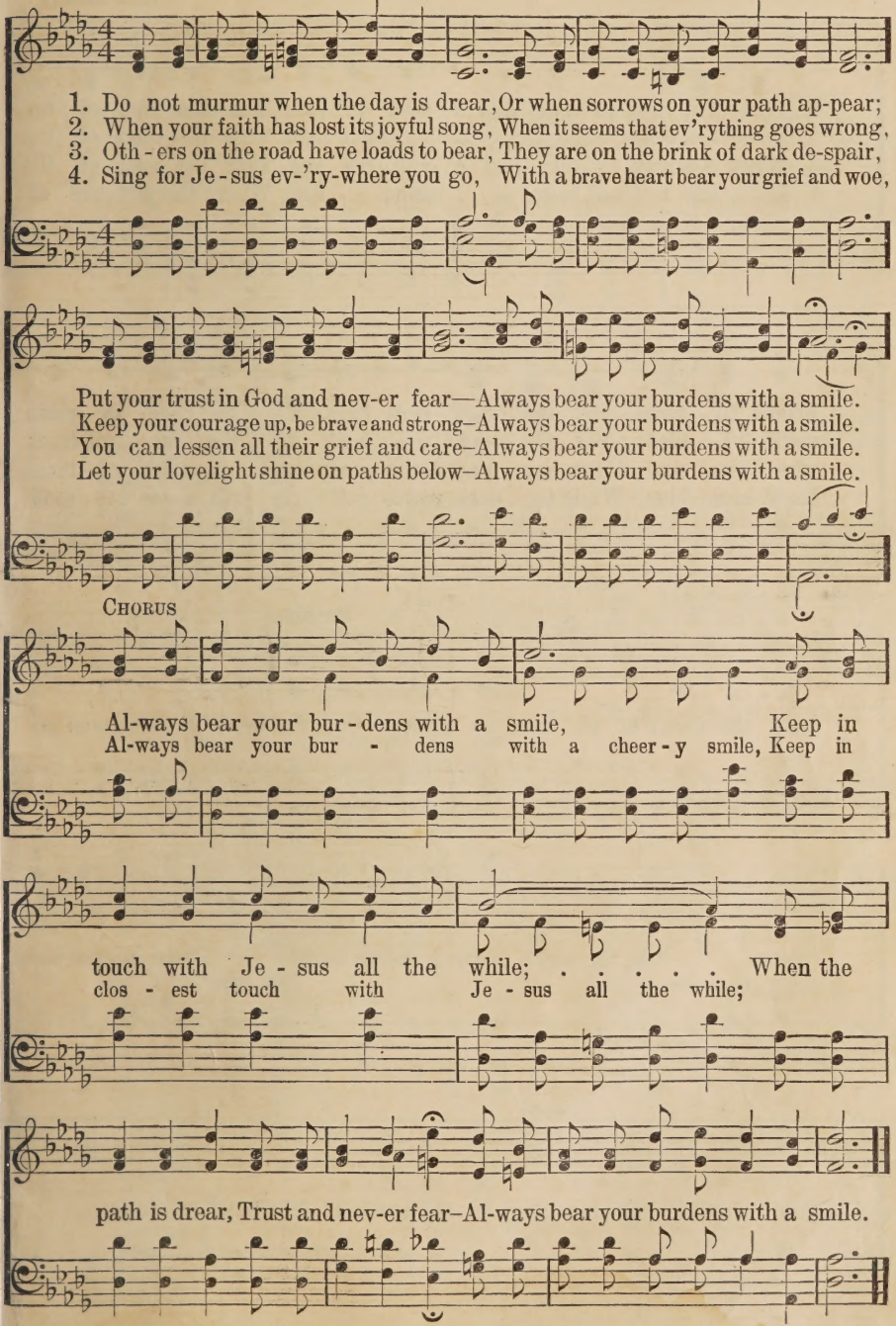
17 Always Bear Your Burdens With a Smile

Rev. Alfred Barratt — Albert C. Fisher


1. Do not murmur when the day is drear, Or when sorrows on your path ap-pear;
2. When your faith has lost its joyful song, When it seems that ev'rything goes wrong,
3. Oth - ers on the road have loads to bear, They are on the brink of dark de-spair,
4. Sing for Je - sus ev-'ry-where you go, With a brave heart bear your grief and woe,
Put your trust in God and nev-er fear—Always bear your burdens with a smile.
Keep your courage up, be brave and strong—Always bear your burdens with a smile.
You can lessen all their grief and care—Always bear your burdens with a smile.
Let your lovelight shine on paths below—Always bear your burdens with a smile.
Chorus
Al-ways bear your bur - dens with a smile, Keep in
Al-ways bear your bur - dens with a cheer - y smile, Keep in
touch with Je - sus all the while; . . . . . When the
clos - est touch with Je - sus all the while;
path is drear, Trust and nev-er fear—Al-ways bear your burdens with a smile.

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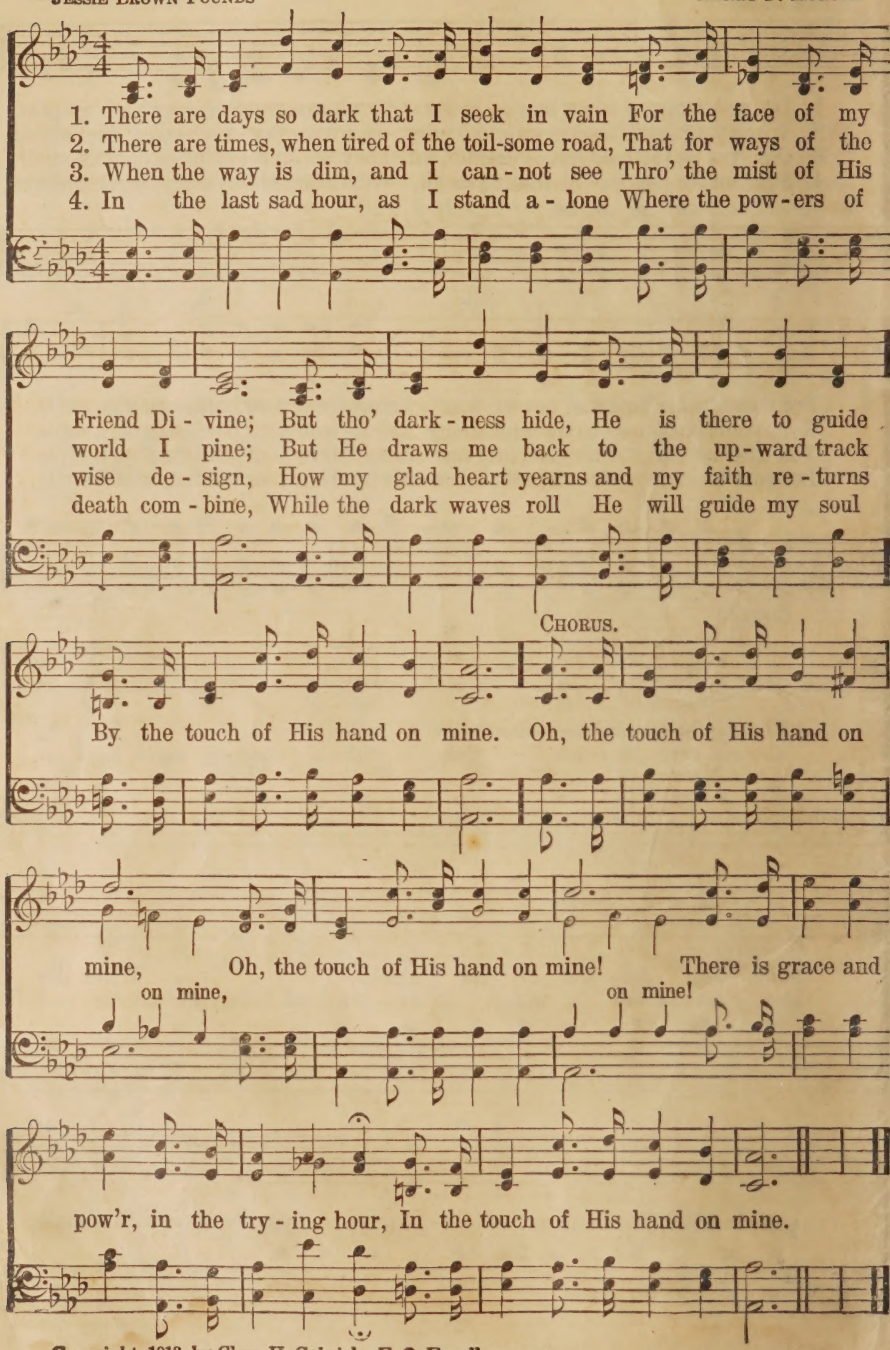
The Touch of His Hand On Mine

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

HENRY P. MORTON


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine, on mine!
pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine.

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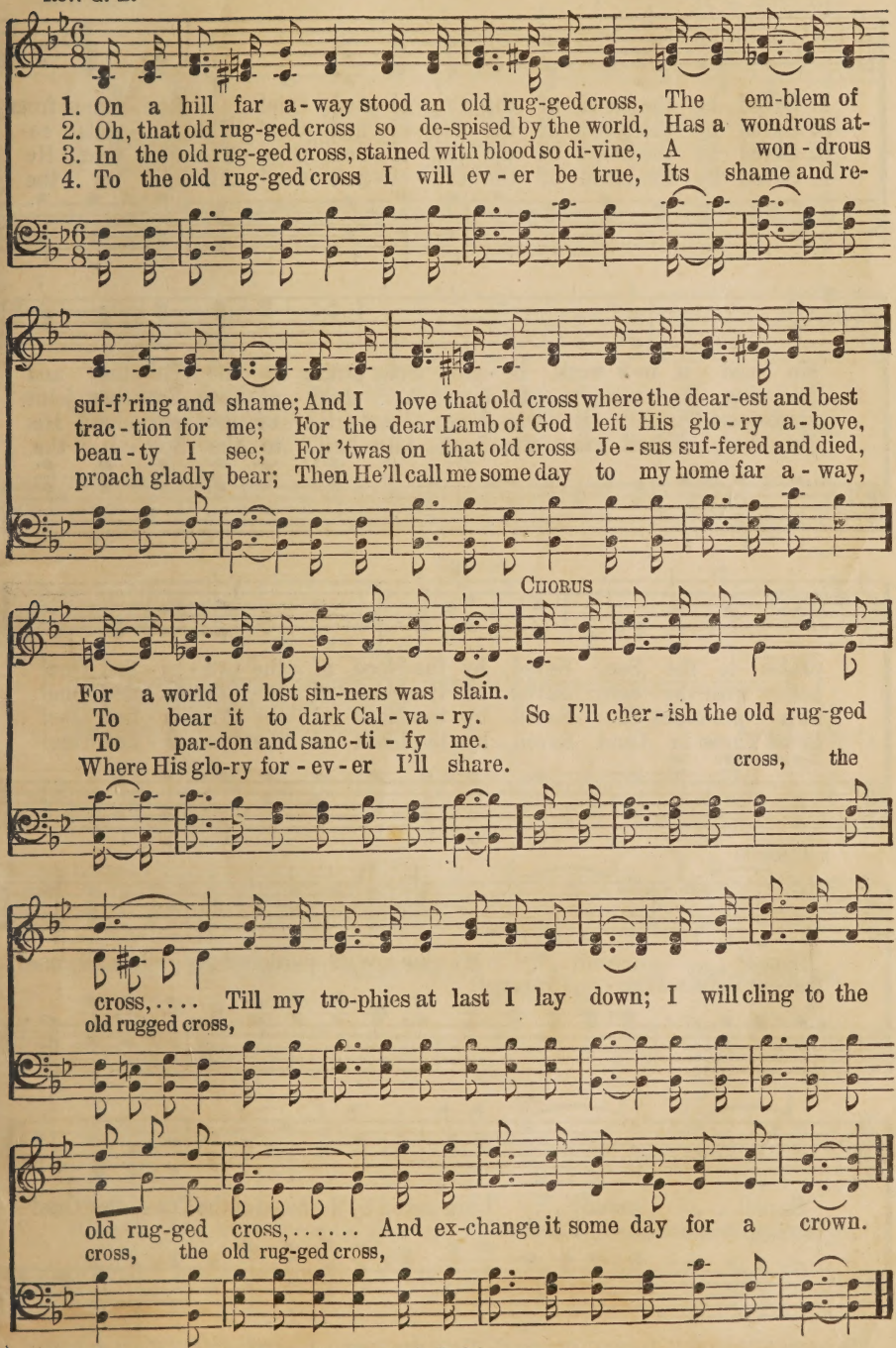
The Old Rugged Cross

Rev. G. B. — Rev. Geo. Bennard


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
Chorus
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the
cross, ... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rugged cross,
old rug-ged cross, ... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

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Saved By the Blood

S. J. Henderson — D. B. Towner

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ran - somed from
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re-
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the

sin and a new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and
joic - ing be-cause it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint-
spake, and His will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His
Fa - ther, all hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the

praise to the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
heir with the Son, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
own pre-cious Son; Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
great Three in One! Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

Chorus

Saved! . . saved! . . My sins are all pardoned my guilt is all gone!
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

Saved! . . saved! . . I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One!
Glo - ry, I'm saved! glo - ry, I'm saved!

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21 Since His Love Came Shining Through

GENE ROUTH B. B. McKINNEY

1. I was drift - ing far from the "Bea - con Star," Clouds of sin had
2. Thro' the storm - y night, or the sun-shine bright, I've a song tri-
3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll
cov - ered the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
um - phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
ev - er be true; Then when all is o'er, I will reach that shore,—
CHORUS
And His love came shining thro'. Since His love came shining through, . .
And His love came shining thro'.
Since His love came shining thro'.
shin-ing thro',
I've a joy that's al - ways new; . . . All the clouds are
al - ways new;
rift - ed And my bur - dens lift - ed, Since His love came shin-ing through.

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It Pays to Serve Jesus

E. G. C.

ELI G. CHRISTY

1. It pays to serve Je - sus,—I speak from my heart; He'll al-ways be with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
2. And oft when I'm tempt-ed to turn from the track, I think of my Sav - ior—my mind wan - ders back To the place where they nailed Him on
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found par-don—'twas heav - en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweet-ly to
4. How rich is the bless-ing the world can - not give; I'm sat - is - fied full - y for Je - sus to live; Though friends may for - sake me and
pleas-ure af - ford, There's peace and con-tent-ment in serv - ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree—I hear a voice say - ing: I suf - fered for thee!
my wea - ry soul, My sins were for - giv - en, He made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I'm trust - ing in Je - sus—His love nev - er dies.
CHORUS
I love Him far bet - ter than in days of yore,
I'll serve Him more truly than ev - er be - fore,
I'll do as He bids me, what-
ev - er the cost, I'll be a true sol-dier,—I'll die at my post.

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Just the Right Savior is Jesus

KITTIE DEASON — MARK 15: 14 — D. WARD MILAM

1. A Sav - ior once came from the man-sions of light, He's just the right
2. This Sav - ior was lov - ing, so gen - tle and kind, He's just the right
3. Tho' He was de - spised and re - ject - ed of men, He's just the right
4. Once nailed to the cross, where He suf - fered and died, He's just the right
5. Tho' bur - ied, He rose from the gloom of the grave, He's just the right
Sav - ior for me; To save my poor soul from its dark - ness and night,
Sav - ior for me; No sin in His life could His en - e - mies find,
Sav - ior for me; He car - ried my sor-rows, my griefs and my sin,
Sav - ior for me; The blood flow-ing down from His hands and His side,
Sav - ior for me; He's reign-ing in heav - en, my soul He can save,
CHORUS
He's just the right Sav - ior for me. He's just the right Sav - ior for
me, (for me,) My King and Re-deem-er is He; (is He;) Yes, just the right
Sav - ior is Je - sus, He's just the right Sav - ior for me. (for me.)

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Dwelling in Beulah Land

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me; I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His

sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand: Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand: Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand: Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned: Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing then can reach me—'tis Beu-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

CHORUS

I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!
drink-ing at the foun-tain that never shall run dry; O yes! I'm feasting on the

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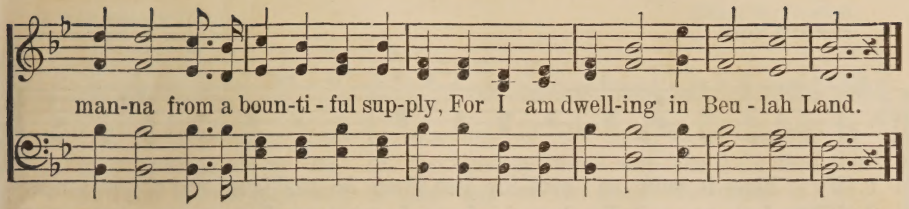
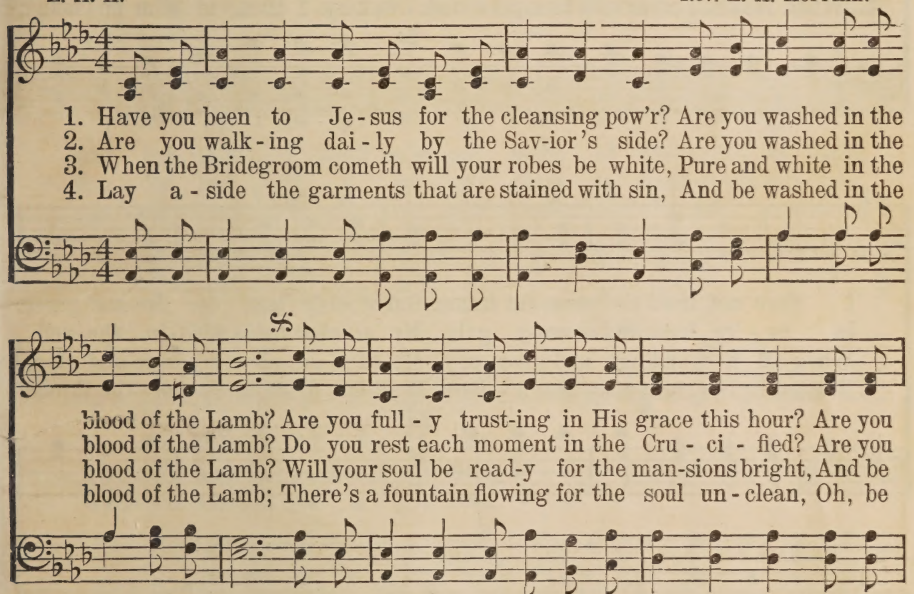
Dwelling In Beulah Land



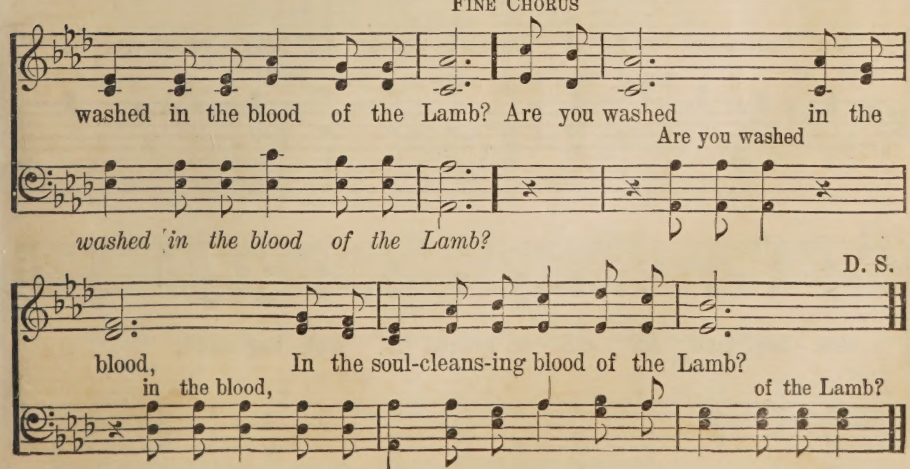
25 Are You Washed In the Blood?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN


1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav-ior's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white, Pure and white in the
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the
blood of the Lamb? Are you full - y trust-ing in His grace this hour? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you
blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the man-sions bright, And be
blood of the Lamb; There's a fountain flowing for the soul un - clean, Oh, be

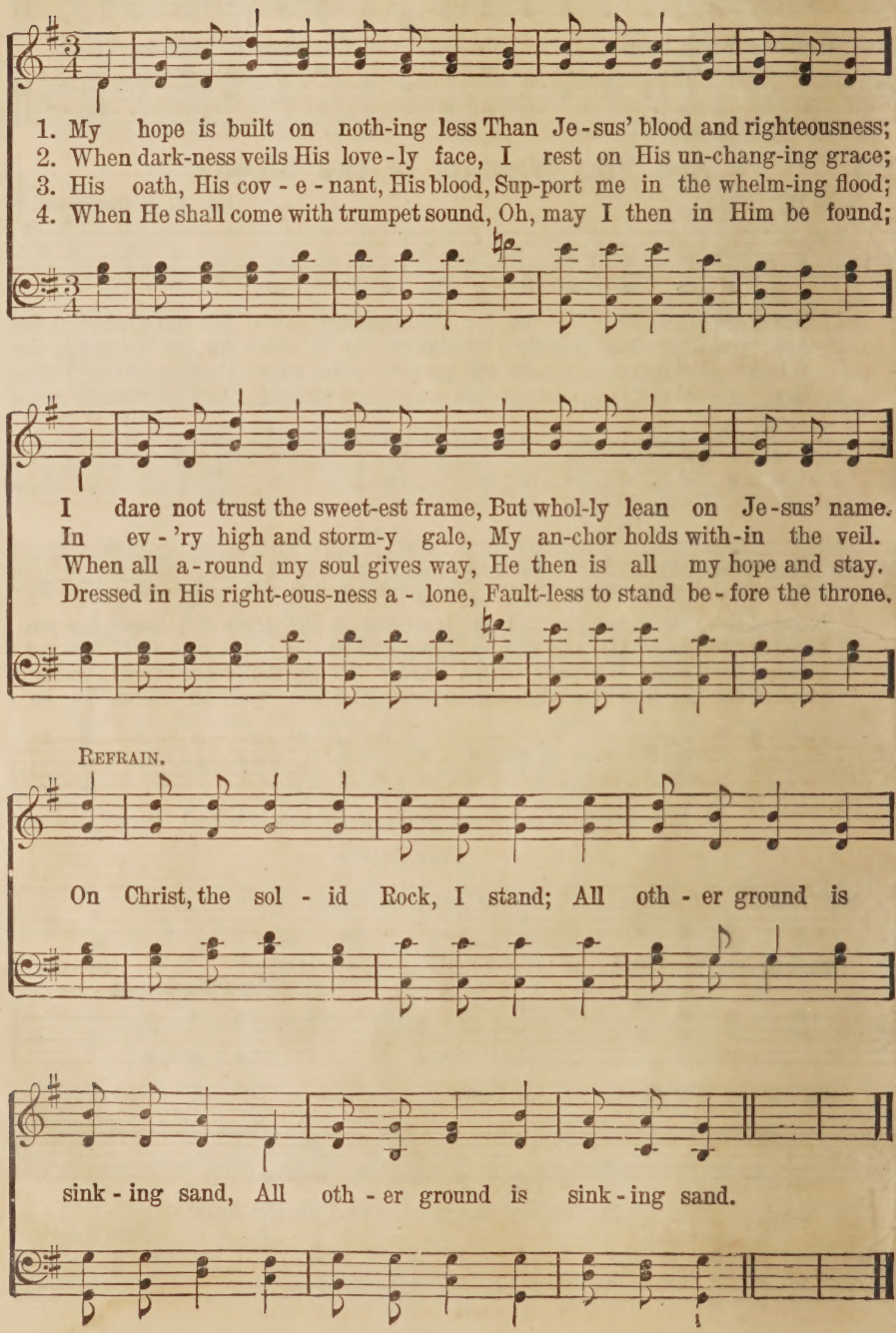
D. S.—*Are your garments spotless? are they white as snow? Are you*

FINE CHORUS


washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Are you washed
washed in the blood of the Lamb?
D. S.
blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb?
in the blood, of the Lamb?

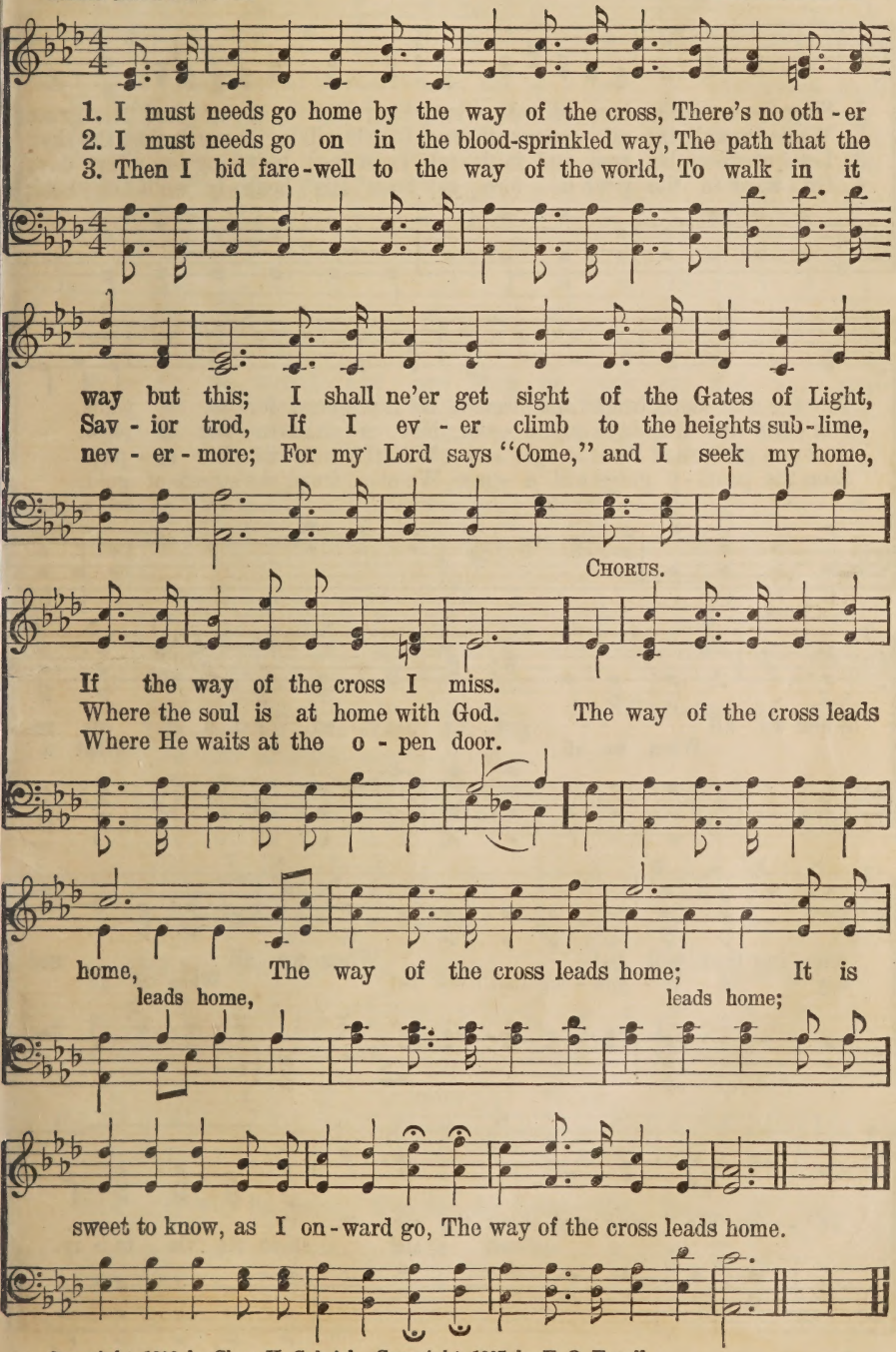
The Solid Rock

EDWARD MOTE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

27 The Way of the Cross Leads Home

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

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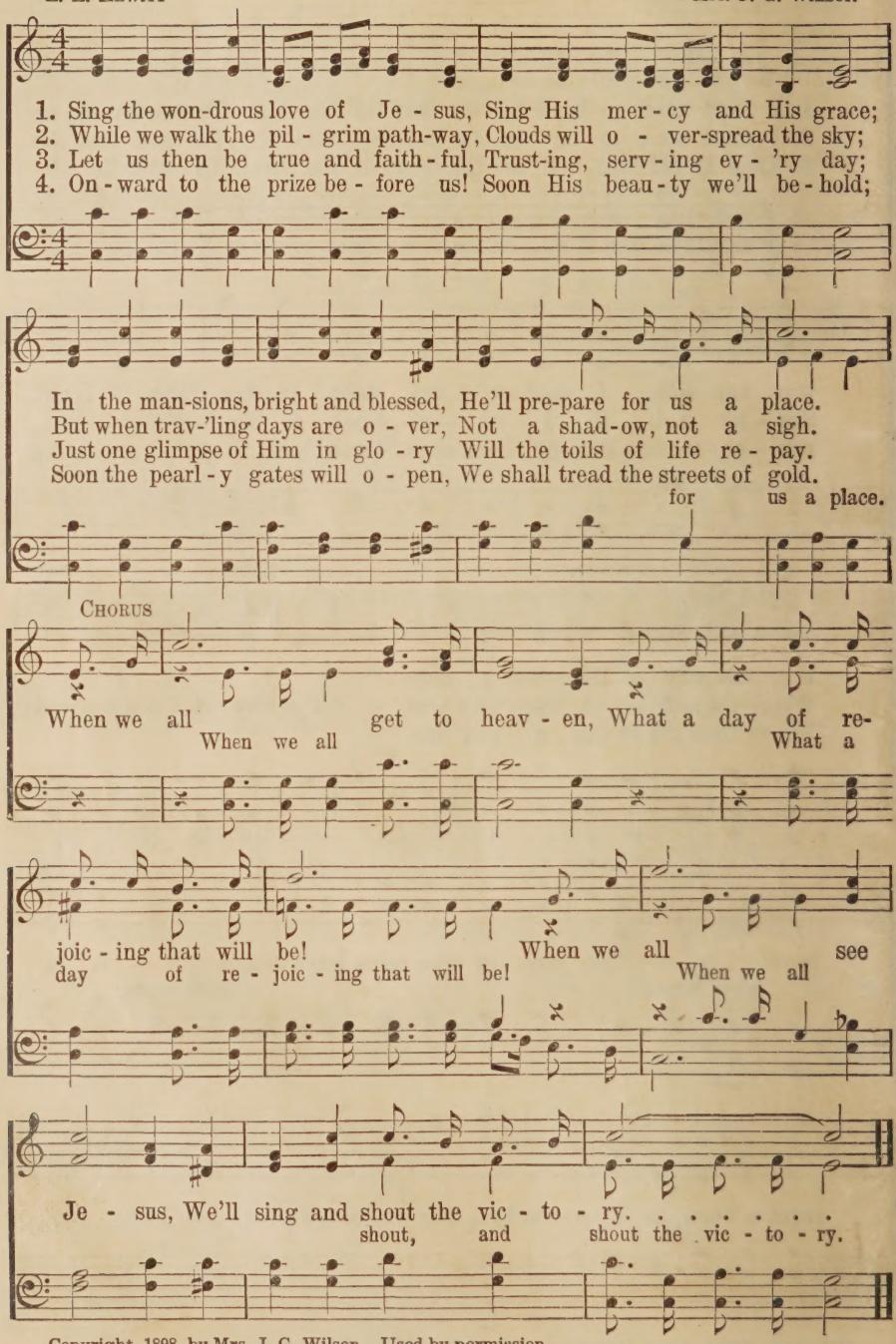
When We All Get to Heaven

E. E. HEWITT — Mrs. J. G. WILSON


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith - ful, Trust-ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions, bright and blessed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. . . . . .
shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

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The Theme Eternal

A. C. F. ALBERT C. FISHER

1. The grand - est of themes through the a - ges Is that which shall
2. 'Twas out in the dark - ness He sought me, He caused me my
3. Since to Him my heart I have giv - en, I'm trust - ing and
4. Let joy - bells in heav - en be ring - ing, My life for His
ev - er be mine, The one sung by proph - ets and sa - ges—
will to re - sign, And back to His fold safe - ly brought me,
nev - er re - pine; I'm sing - ing, while go - ing to heav - en,
glo - ry shall shine; With sin's fet - ters bro - ken, I'm sing - ing,
CHORUS
'Tis Je - sus and His love di - vine.
So hap - py in His love di - vine.
Of Je - sus and His love di - vine.
Thro' Je - sus and His love di - vine.
Won - der - ful theme,
pre-cious to me, Glorious, su-preme ev - er 'twill be; Here and a-
a tempo
rit.
bove it will be mine; Won-der - ful theme—His love di - vine.

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Since Jesus Came Into My Heart

R. H. McDaniel — Chas. H. Gabriel

1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart! And my sins, which were man-y, are all washed a - way,
in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob-scure,
in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

CHORUS

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je-sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came

heart, Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

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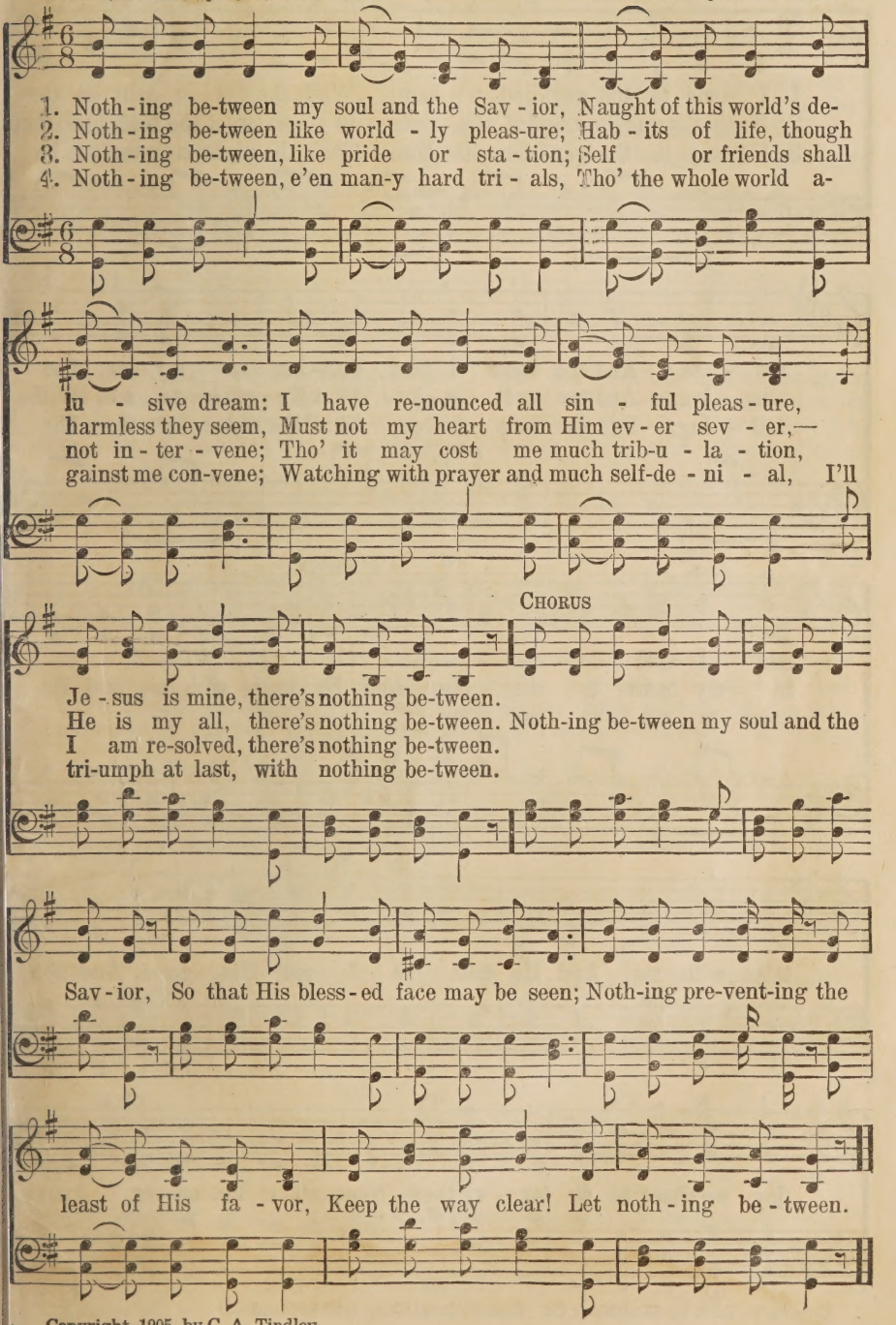
Nothing Between

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY

Arr. by F. A. CLARK


1. Noth - ing be-tween my soul and the Sav - ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth - ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, though
3. Noth - ing be-tween, like pride or sta - tion; Self or friends shall
4. Noth - ing be-tween, e'en man-y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-
lu - sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas - ure,
harmless they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,—
not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib-u - la - tion,
gainst me con-vene; Watching with prayer and much self-de - ni - al, I'll
CHORUS
Je - sus is mine, there's nothing be-tween.
He is my all, there's nothing be-tween. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the
I am re-solved, there's nothing be-tween.
tri-umph at last, with nothing be-tween.
Sav - ior, So that His bless - ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing the
least of His fa - vor, Keep the way clear! Let noth - ing be - tween.

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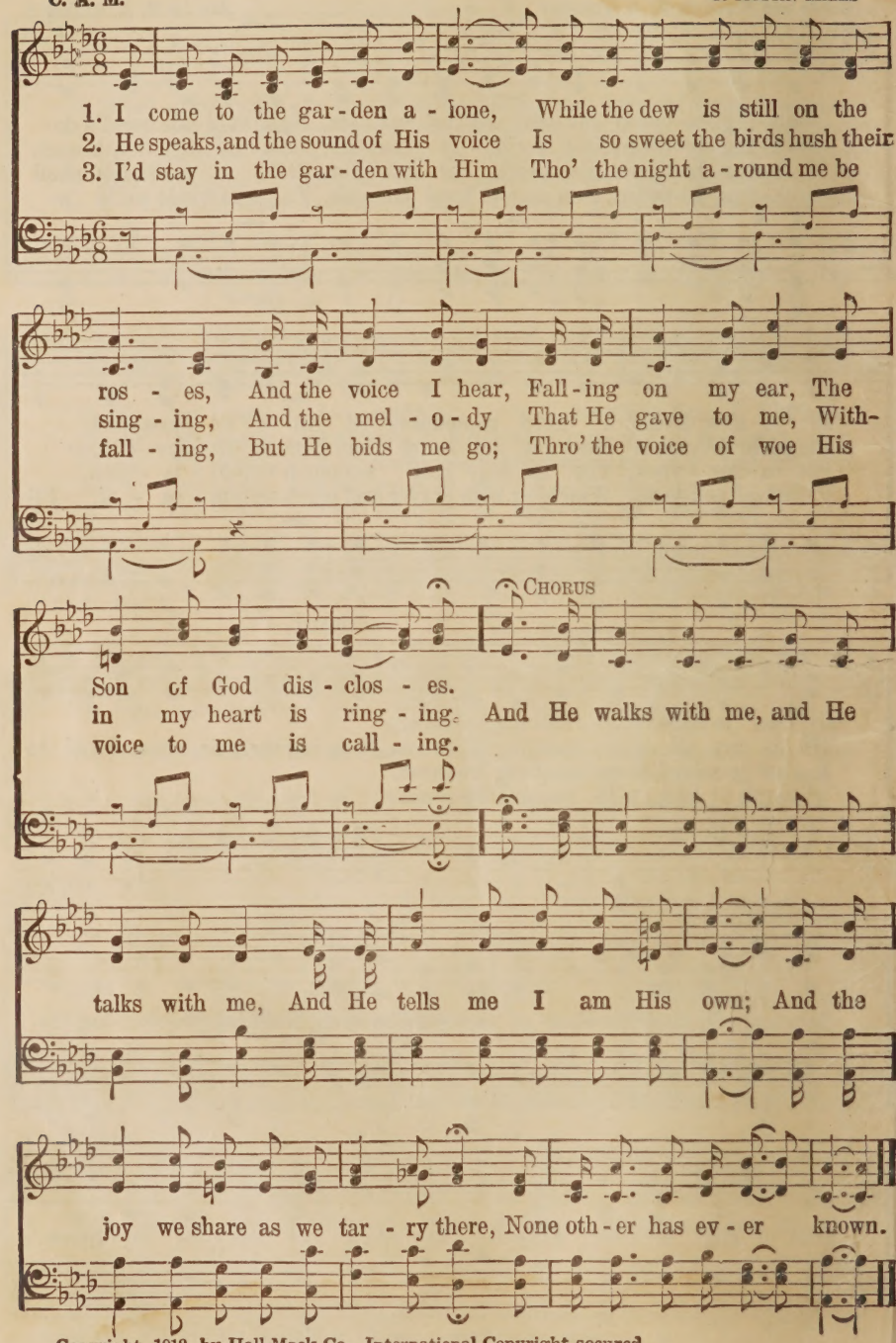
In The Garden

C. A. M. C. AUSTIN MILES


1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar - den with Him Tho' the night a - round me be
ros - es, And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe His
CHORUS
Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.
talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the
joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

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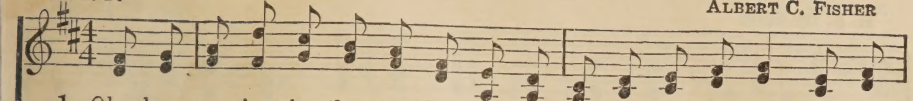
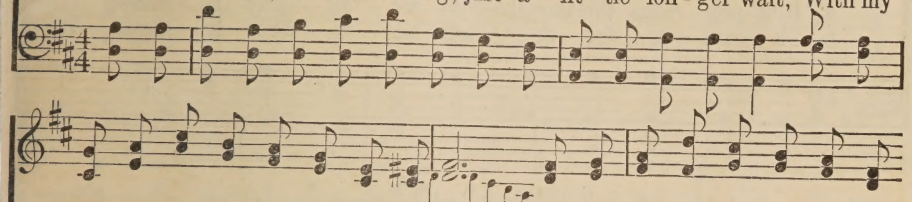
Precious Memories of Mother

A. C. F.

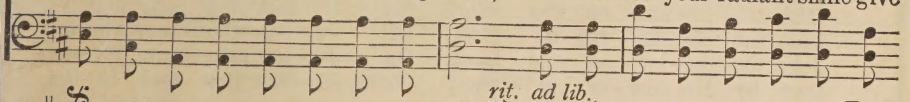
ALBERT C. FISHER



1. Oh, how pre-cious is the mem-'ry of the songs my moth-er sang, As we
2. Oh, how pre-cious is the mem-'ry of dear mother's prayers at home, That the
3. And how pre-cious is the mem-'ry of her ten-der, faith-ful love, How it
4. Pre-cious moth-er, I am com-ing, just a lit - tle lon - ger wait, With my



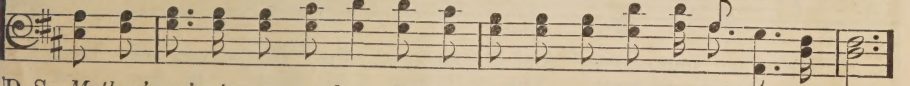
gath-ered 'round the fire-side long a - go; For her voice was like an an-gel's
Lord would keep me true till life be past; They will fol - low me and cheer me
shield - ed and pro-tect - ed me each day! And how glad - ly I shall tell her,
Sav - ior e - ven now I'm near-ing home; I shall see your radiant smile give



rit. ad lib.

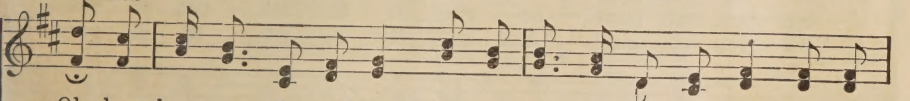
FINE.

as with mel - o - dy it rang, And her lov-ing smiles bro't heaven down be-low.
where-so- ev - er I may roam, And I know that I shall see her face at last.
when I reach that home a-bove, How it helped me o'er the pit-falls by the way.
wel-come at the heav'nly gate: When my work is end-ed, moth-er, I shall come.

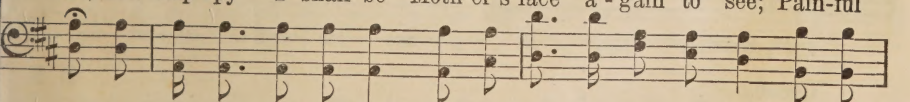


D. S.–*Mother's voice to me so dear, In the songs she sang so sweet-ly long a - go.*

CHORUS



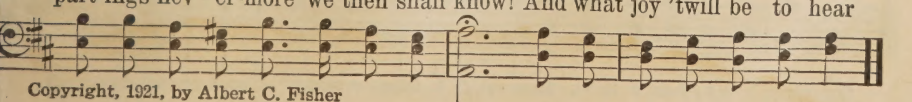
Oh, how hap - py I shall be Moth-er's face a - gain to see; Pain-ful



rit.

D. S.

part-ings nev - er-more we then shall know! And what joy 'twill be to hear



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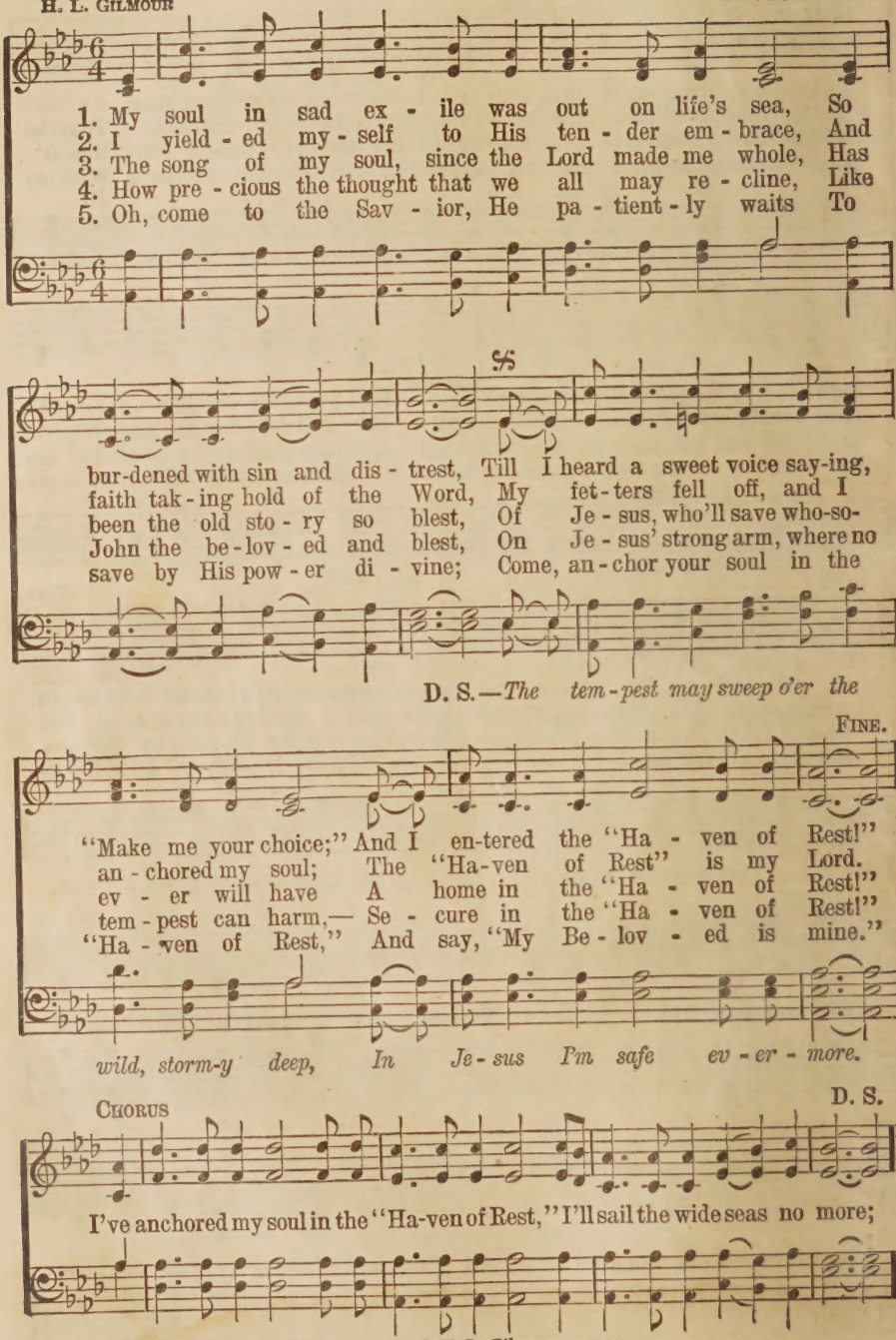
The Haven of Rest

H. L. GILMOUR

GEO. D. MOORE


1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To
bur-dened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the Word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the
D. S.—*The tem - pest may sweep o'er the*
FINE.
"Make me your choice;" And I en-tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
"Ha - ven of Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS
D. S.
I've anchored my soul in the "Ha-ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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Sweet By and By

S. F. BENNETT J. P. WEBSTER

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
CHORUS
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by,
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

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His Love is True

JAMES ROWE HARRY DIXON LOES

1. I am hold - ing on to the prom - ise grand, As I march a-
2. I will fol - low Him thro' the mid - night drear, And de - pend on
3. I shall sing His praise where the an - gels bright Do His ho - ly

long to the bet - ter land, Let-ting Christ my Friend hold my trust-ing hand,
Him for my strength and cheer Till the shad - ows flee and the morn ap - pear,
will, in the land of light; He will keep me till faith shall end in sight,

CHORUS

For I know that His love is true. It is true, it is
It is true, I
true, He will bless all I do; He will
know it is true, He will bless, He will bless all I do;

guide me straight thro' the pearly gate, For I know that His love is true.
is true.

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Jesus Saves

PRISCILLA J. OWENS — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide; Je - sus saves! Je - sus aves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free; High - est hills and deep-est caves;

On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

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We're Marching to Zion

ISAAC WATTS — ROBERT LOWRY

Spirited

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And
chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,

march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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Tell the World Jesus Saves

JAMES ROWE — ALBERT C. FISHER

1. O ye blood-bought throngs, with your gladdest songs, Tell the world . .
2. Ev - 'ry soul on earth should be told His worth—Tell the world . .
3. That the vales of night may re - ceive His light, Tell the world . .
4. As the years roll on, till life's day is done, Tell the world . .
Tell the
. . . that Je-sus saves; Make the val - leys ring and the moun-tain sing;
. . . that Je-sus saves; That the lost may be from their fet - ters free,
. . . that Je-sus saves; That the lost may find peace of heart and mind,
. . . that Je-sus saves; That His pre-cious love may be yours a - bove,
world that Je - sus saves;
CHORUS
Tell the world that Je - sus saves. Tell the world . . . . . that Je-sus
O tell the world
saves . . . . . From the sin that still en - slaves; Souls re-
that Je - sus saves
deemed and true, this with glad-ness do: Tell the world that Je - sus saves.

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I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com·
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

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41 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
CHORUS.
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made
ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? . .
of God?

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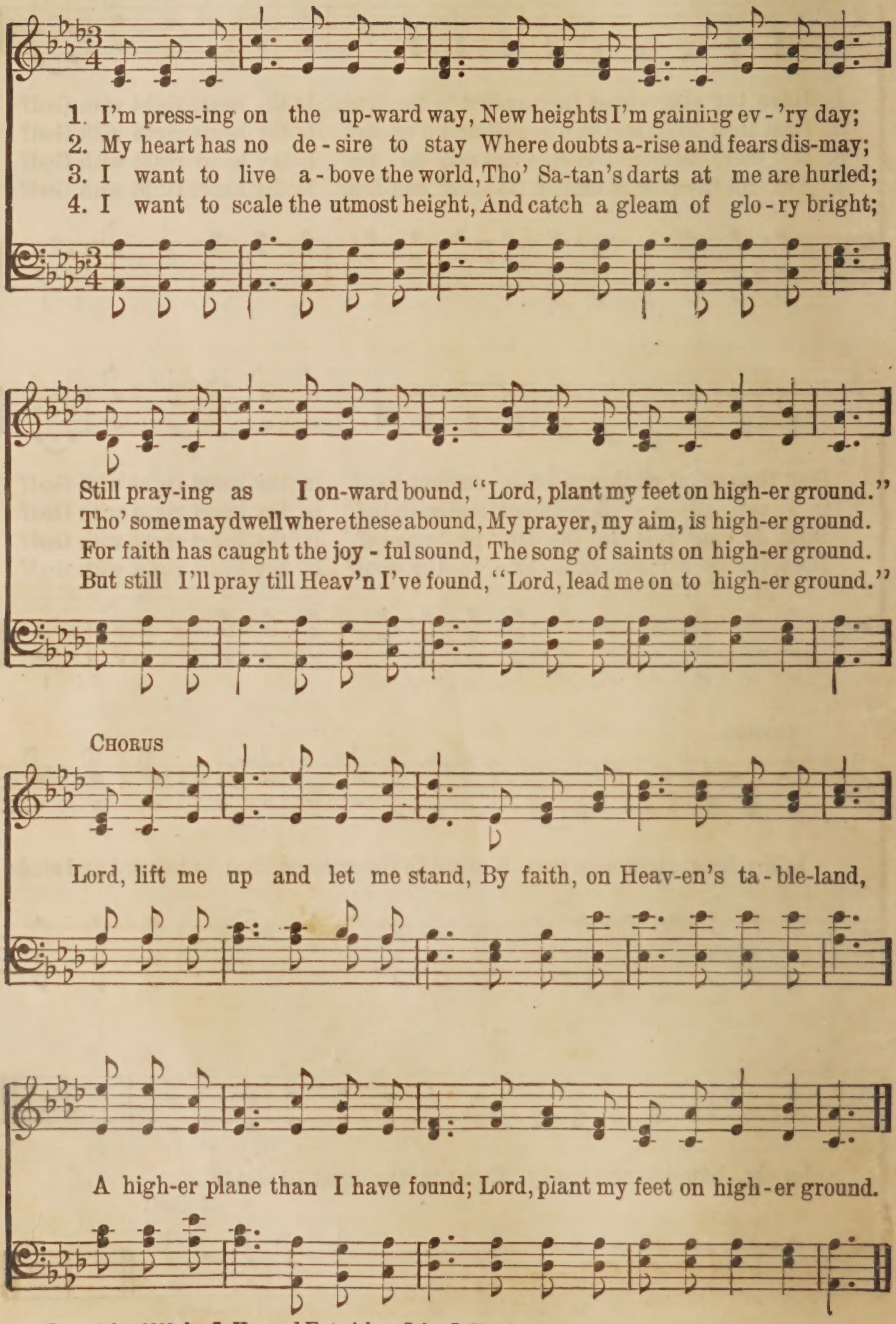
Higher Ground

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
CHORUS
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land,
A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

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The Unclouded Day

J. K. A. Rev. J. K. ALWOOD

1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His

tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way, Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud-ed day.

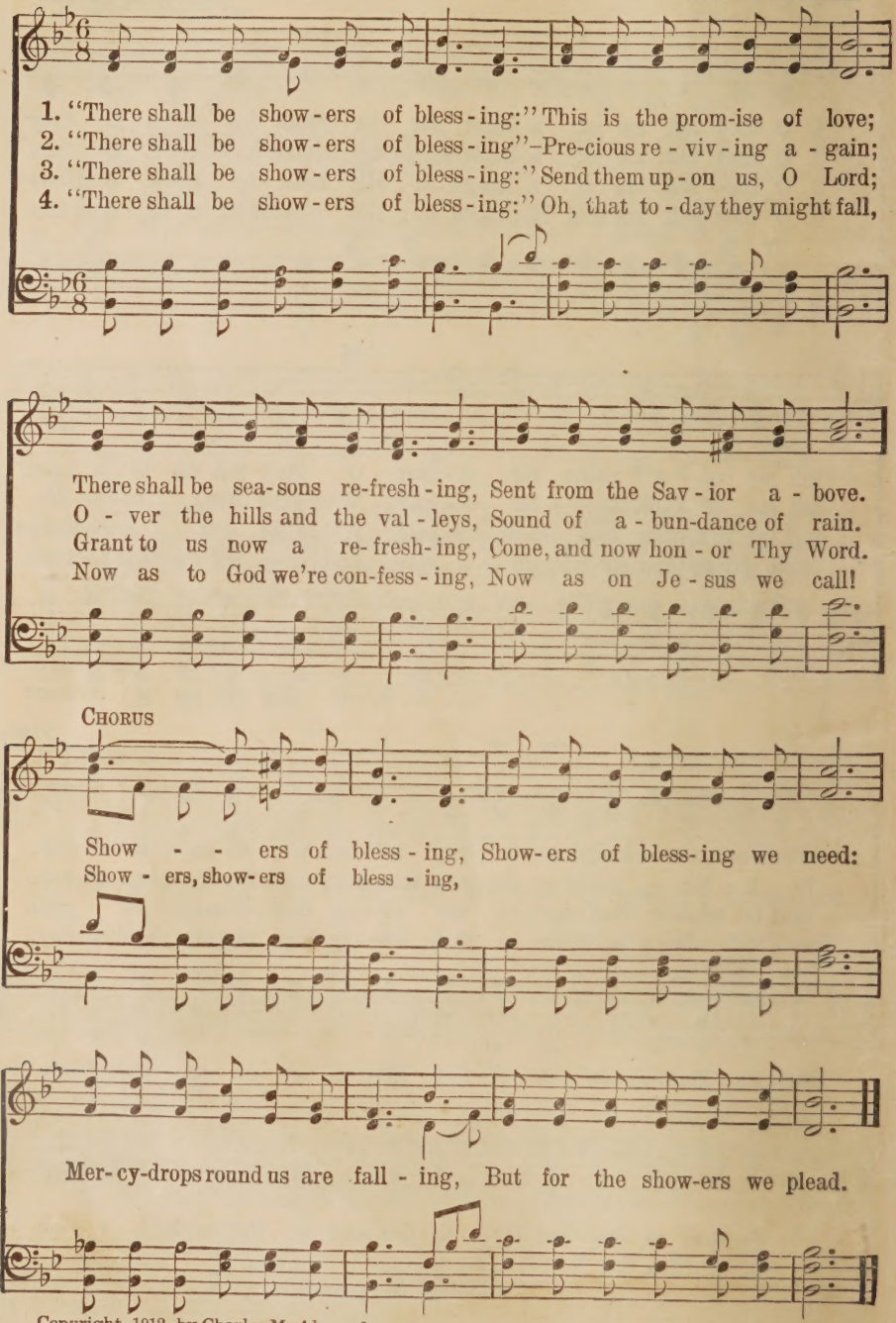
where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.

CHORUS D. S.

O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of the un-cloud - ed skies;

44 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing

EL NATHAN JAMES MCGRANAHAN


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
CHORUS
Show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing,
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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For God So Loved the World

E. E. HEWITT D. WARD MILAM

1. For God so loved the world He gave His on-ly Son To res-cue guilt-y souls;
2. If God so loved the world: Then let our hearts expand That we may seek the lost
3. Since God so loved the world We'll love our neighbor, too, And comfort burdened hearts
His ho-ly will be done, And let us spread a-broad This message from above,
In ev-'ry dis-tant land; At home and far a-broad We'll ring the gospel bell,
With con-so-la-tion true; Our Je-sus lives to save Each child of earth to-day,
CHORUS
That sin-ners ev-'ry-where May know redeeming love.
The sto-ry of the cross Re-joic-ing now to tell. For God so loved the world
Let us to ev-'ry shore The blessed truth convey.
That He gave His on-ly Son That who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth May have e-
ter-nal life, That who-so-ev-er be-liev-eth May have e-ter-nal life.

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When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

J. M. B. J. M. BLACK

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho - sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
CHORUS.
When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - - - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll . . . . is called up yon - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll is called up

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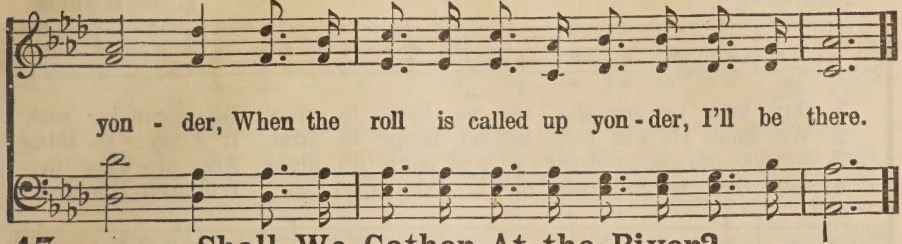
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder



47 Shall We Gather At the River?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the bos - om of the riv - er, Where the Sav - ior-King we own,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We shall meet, and sor-row nev - er, 'Neath the glo - ry of the throne.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.
CHORUS
p
Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti - ful riv - er,
Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

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Shining Along the Way

JAMES ROWE — ALBERT C. FISHER

1. Our love for our Mas - ter we like to show, Be - cause we wish
oth - ers His love to know, And so, for His glo - ry, we
2. We know He will help us our lamps to trim, If an - y - thing
hap - pens to make them dim; We want to be ra - diant and
3. Some hearts are so drear - y from morn till night, Are al - ways in
need of a cheer - ing light, And so we are try - ing to
4. Our Sav - ior will help us to con - quer sin, Will keep His dear
chil - dren all pure with - in; The bright crown of glo - ry we
gleam and glow, Shin - ing for Je - sus a - long the way.
true to Him, Shin - ing for Je - sus a - long the way.
make them bright, Shin - ing for Je - sus a - long the way.
hope to win, Shin - ing for Je - sus a - long the way.
CHORUS
All glow-ing and gleam-ing, All ra-diant-ly beam - ing, Each life is a
light, like a lamp at night, Shin - ing for Je - sus a - long the way.

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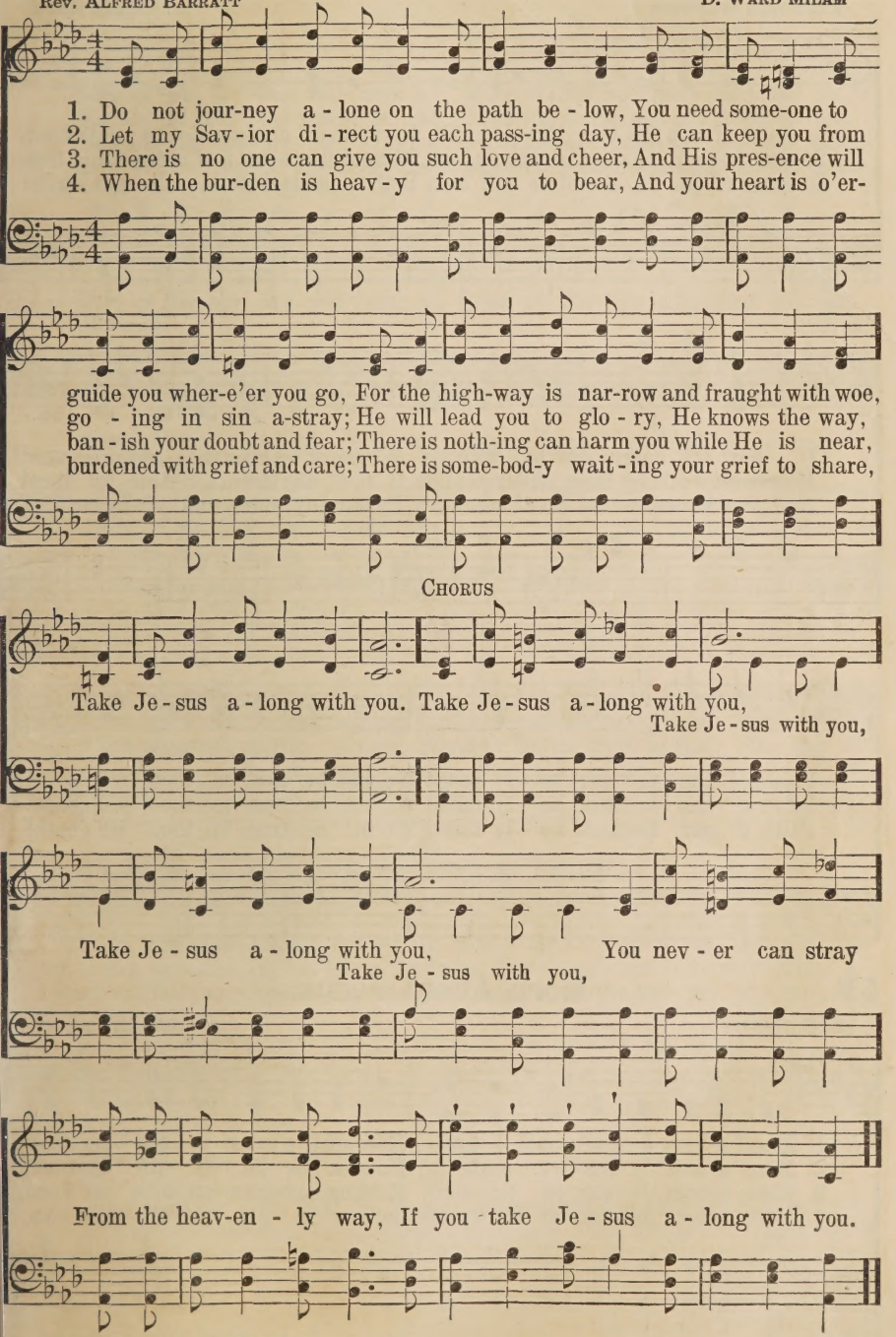
49 Take Jesus Along With You

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT — D. WARD MILAM


1. Do not jour-ney a - lone on the path be - low, You need some-one to
guide you wher-e'er you go, For the high-way is nar-row and fraught with woe,
2. Let my Sav - ior di - rect you each pass-ing day, He can keep you from
go - ing in sin a-stray; He will lead you to glo - ry, He knows the way,
3. There is no one can give you such love and cheer, And His pres-ence will
ban - ish your doubt and fear; There is noth-ing can harm you while He is near,
4. When the bur-den is heav - y for you to bear, And your heart is o'er-
burdened with grief and care; There is some-bod-y wait - ing your grief to share,
CHORUS
Take Je - sus a - long with you. Take Je - sus a - long with you,
Take Je - sus with you,
Take Je - sus a - long with you, You nev - er can stray
Take Je - sus with you,
From the heav-en - ly way, If you take Je - sus a - long with you.

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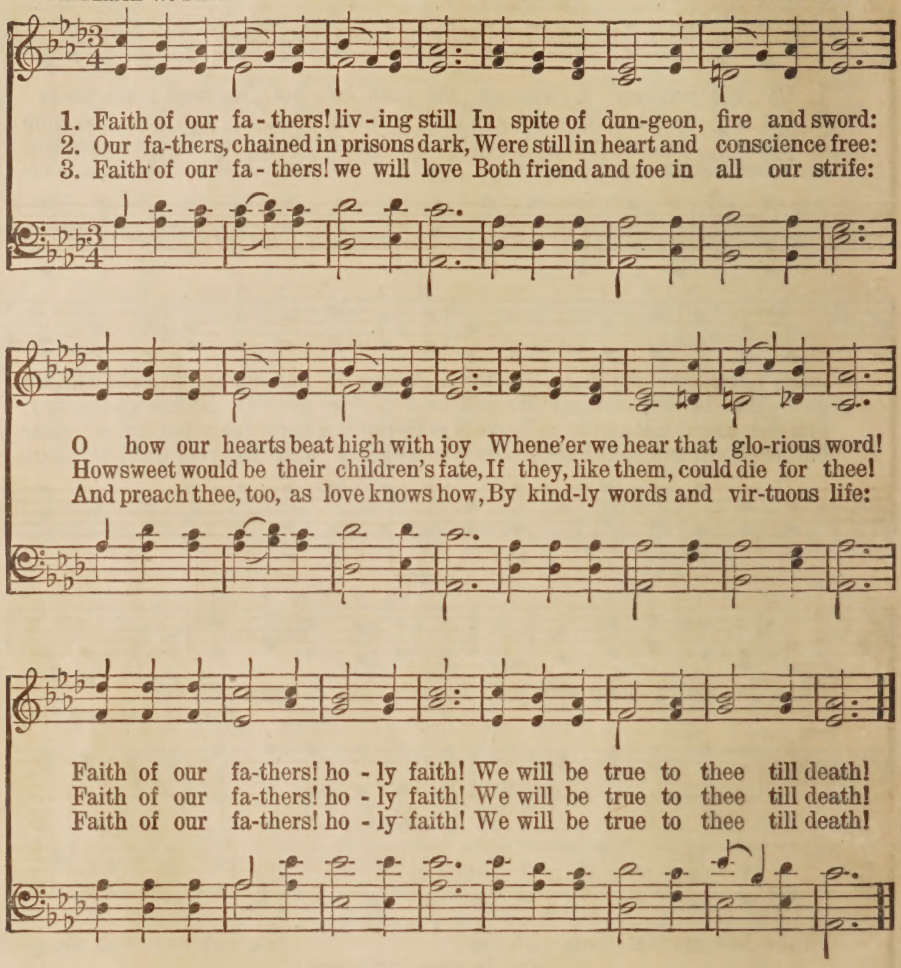
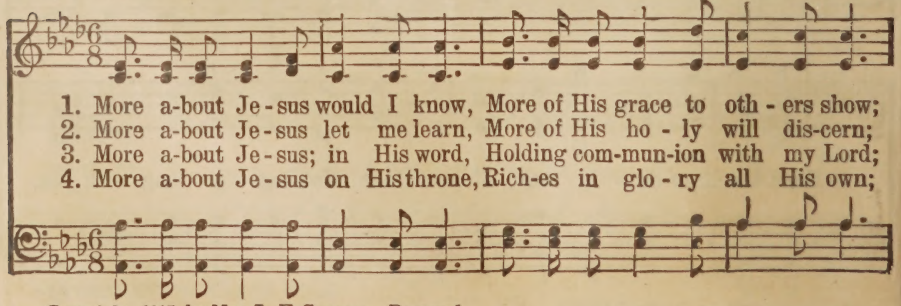
50 Faith of Our Fathers

FREDERICK W. FABER — H. F. HEMY


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

51 More About Jesus

E. E. HEWITT — JNO. R. SWENEY


1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

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More About Jesus

FINE

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

D.S.—*More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN D. S.

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

52 Stand Up For Jesus

G. DUFFIELD G. J. WEBB

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus—Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of

roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watching un - to prayer, Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.

Some O' These Days

Arr. A. C. F. Arr. ALBERT C. FISHER

1. I'm . . a - go - na sing and a - shout for - ev - er, . .
2. I'm . . a - go - in' down to the riv - er Jor - dan, . .
3. I'm . . a - go - na cross on the Chris-tian's fer - ry, . . .
4. I'm . . a - go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - er, . . .
5. I'm . . a - go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior, . .

CHO.—*I'm . . a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry,*

I'm a - go - na sing and a - shout for - ev - er Some o' these
I'm a - go - in' down to the riv - er Jor - dan Some o' these
I'm a - go - na cross on the Chris-tian's fer - ry Some o' these
I'm a - go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - er Some o' these
I'm a - go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior Some o' these

I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry Some o' these

days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na sing and a-shout for - ev - er, . . .
days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - in' down to the riv - er Jor - dan, . .
days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na cross on the Christian's fer - ry, . . .
days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na see my a-saint-ed moth - er, . . .
days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na see my a-bless-ed Sav - ior, . .

days, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm a - go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry,

D. C. for CHORUS

Go - na sing and a - shout for - ev - er Some o' these days.
Go - in' down to the riv - er Jor - dan Some o' these days.
Go - na cross on the Chris-tian's fer - ry Some o' these days.
Go - na see my a - saint - ed moth - er Some o' these days.
Go - na see my a - bless - ed Sav - ior Some o' these days.

Go - na walk on the streets of glo - ry Some o' these days.

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He's Our Friend

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. — ALBERT C. FISHER

1. I have a song that is full of cheer, Song that earth's pilgrims will love to hear;
2. This is the sto-ry that ne'er grows old, One that seems sweeter each time it's told,
3. When on life's billows our barks were tossed, When in the darkness all hope seemed lost,
4. When in that cit-y with streets of gold, And all its beau-ties shall there un-fold,
Ring out the cho - rus both loud and clear, "Christ is in - deed our Friend."
Sto - ry more pre-cious than all earth's gold, Sto - ry of Christ our Friend.
Christ Je - sus saved us at aw - ful cost, Prov-ing Him-self a Friend.
I de - sire first of all to be-hold Je - sus my King and Friend.
REFRAIN
Ring out a glad ju - bi - la - tion, Let it roll
Ring out a glad ju - bi - la - - tion, Let it roll o'er ev - 'ry
o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, Je - - sus has pur-chased sal-
na - - tion, Je - sus has pur-chased sal - va - - - -
1
va - tion, On Him de - pend;
tion,
2
va - tion, He's our Friend.
tion,

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Peace! Be Still!

MARY A. BAKER — H. R. PALMER

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; O wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast.
"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul!
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat-'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
And I per-ish! I per-ish, dear Mas-ter; O has-ten, and take con-trol!
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

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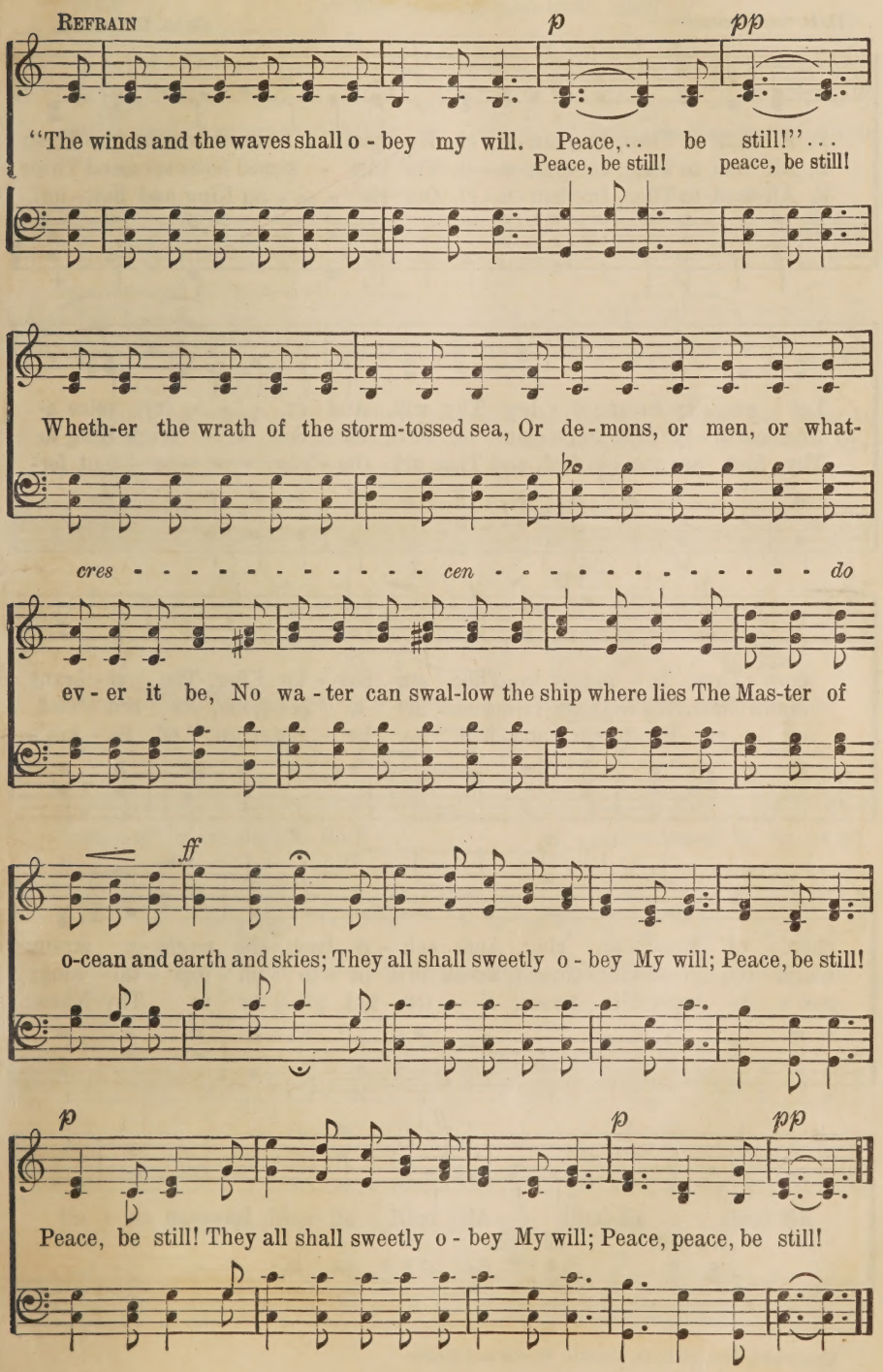
Peace! Be Still!


REFRAIN
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o - bey my will. Peace, . . be still!" . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what-
cres - - - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - - - - do
ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

All Hail, Immanuel

D. R. VAN SICKLE — CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav - ior!
Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam - or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nip - - - o - tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The vi - brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's
chords of Heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name:
ff
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u - el!
All hail! all hail!

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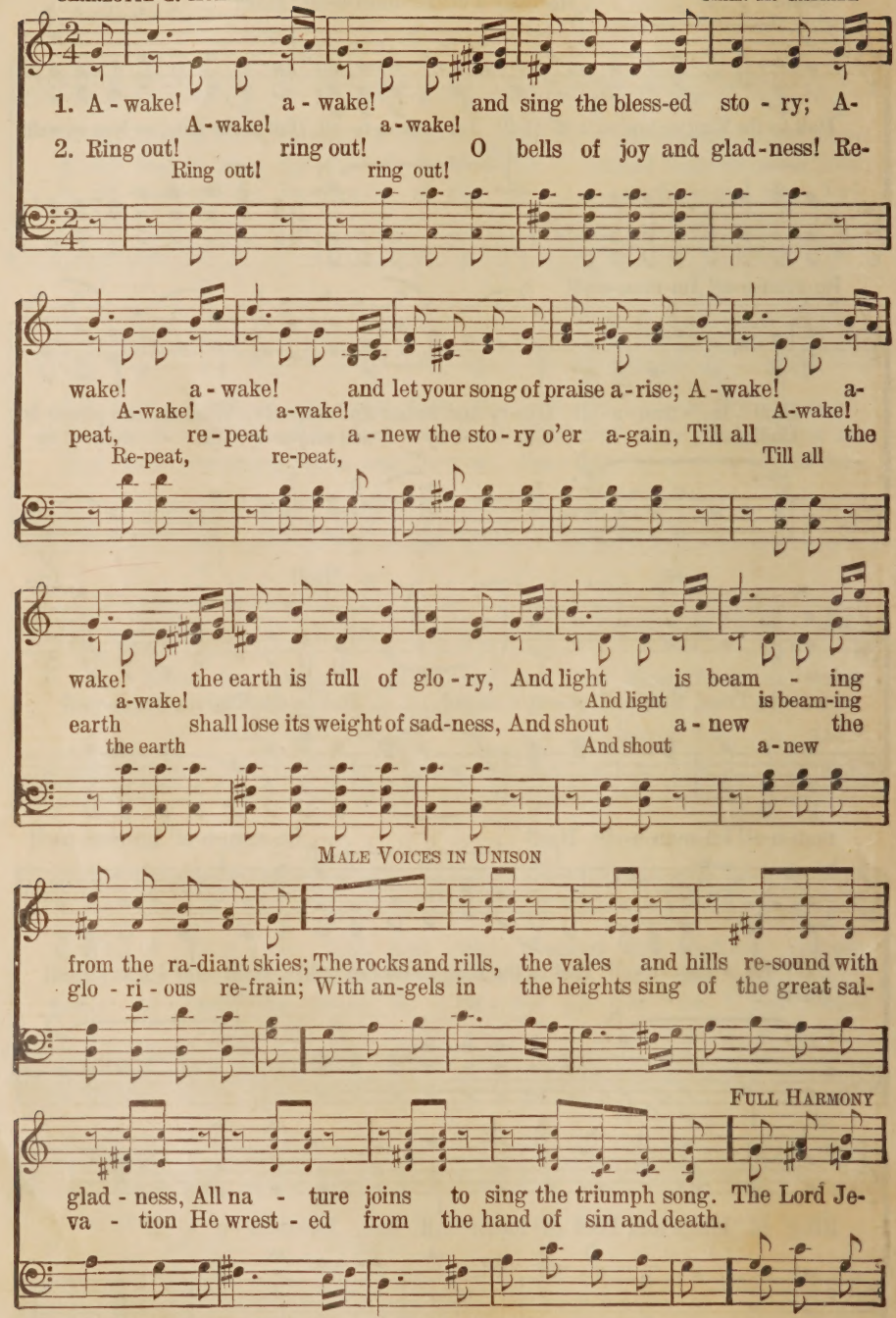
All Hail, Immanuel

Chorus.
Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . .
Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!
Hail! . . . . .
Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be
rit.
Hail! . . . . . Im-
un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!
man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!
Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!
Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . . .
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u - el!

Awakening Chorus

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER — CHAS. H. GABRIEL


1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a-wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new
MALE VOICES IN UNISON
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
FULL HARMONY
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

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Awakening Chorus

UNISON
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY
Pro-claim His sov - 'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His
glo - - rious ban-ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

My Anchor Holds

W. C. MARTIN, arr. D. B. TOWNER

1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might-y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
4. Troub-les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;
I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day:
I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the Rock.
Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.
CHORUS
And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds,..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - - est,
gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
then, O gale,

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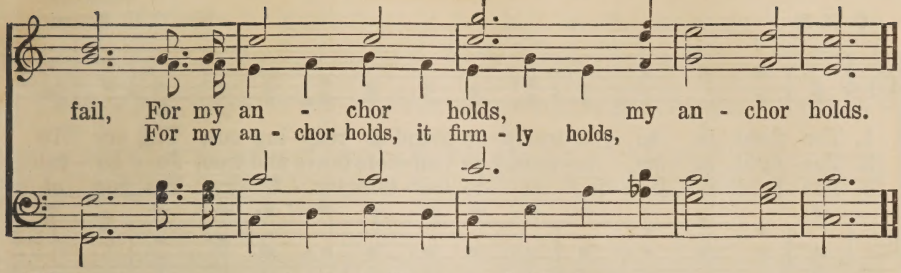
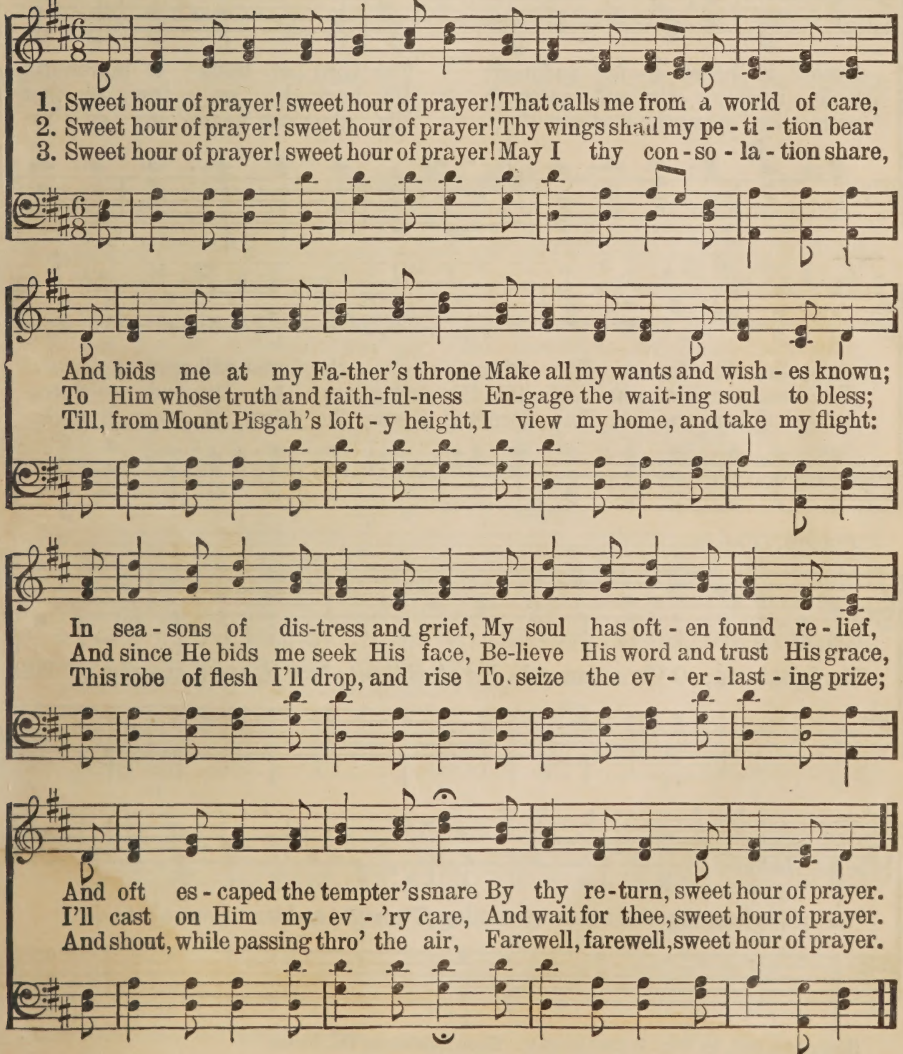
My Anchor Holds



59 Sweet Hour of Prayer

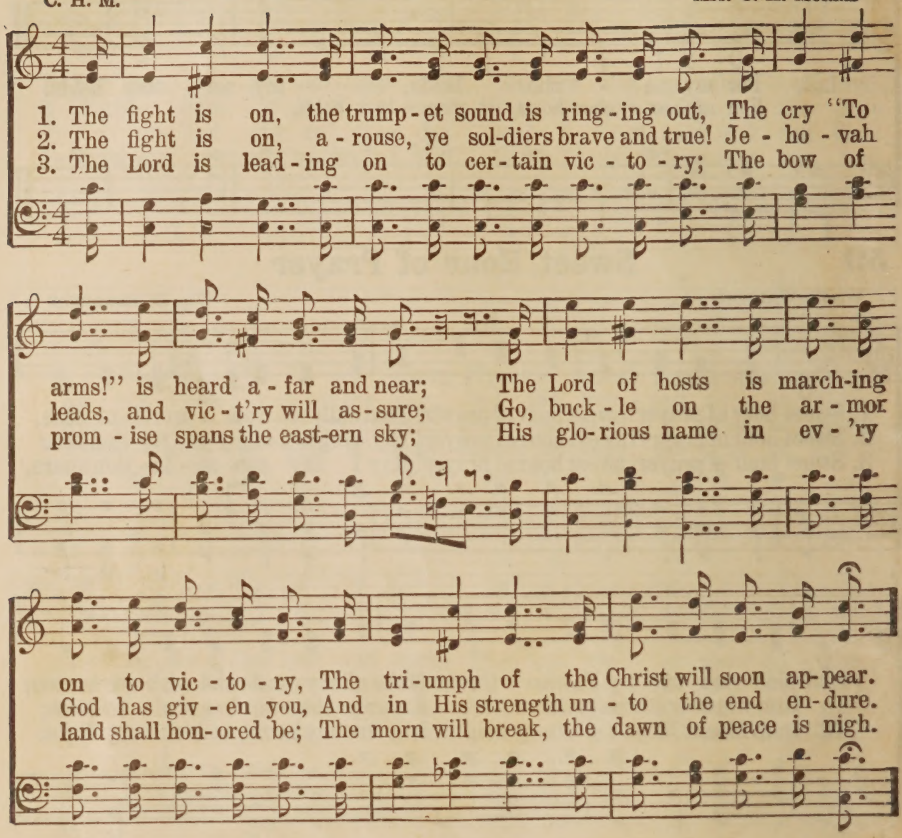
W. W. WALFORD — WM. B. BRADBURY


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es - caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

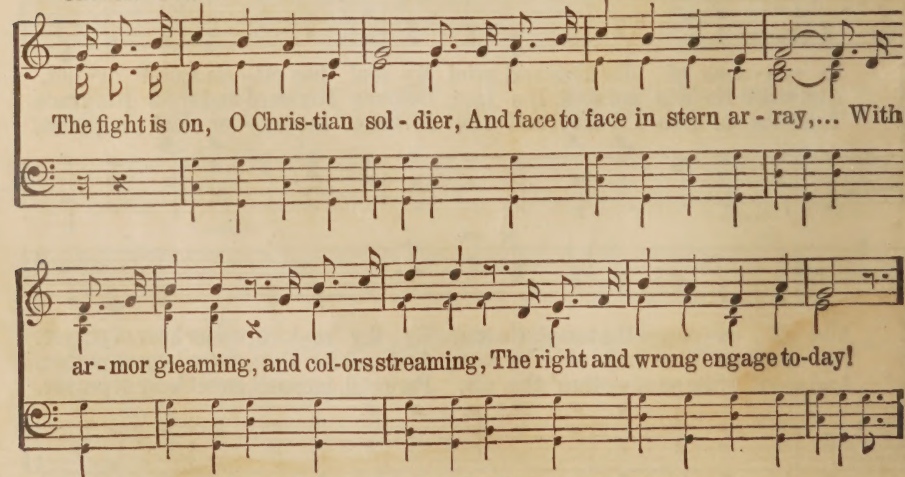
The Fight is On

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry
on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in His strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison*


The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,... With
ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

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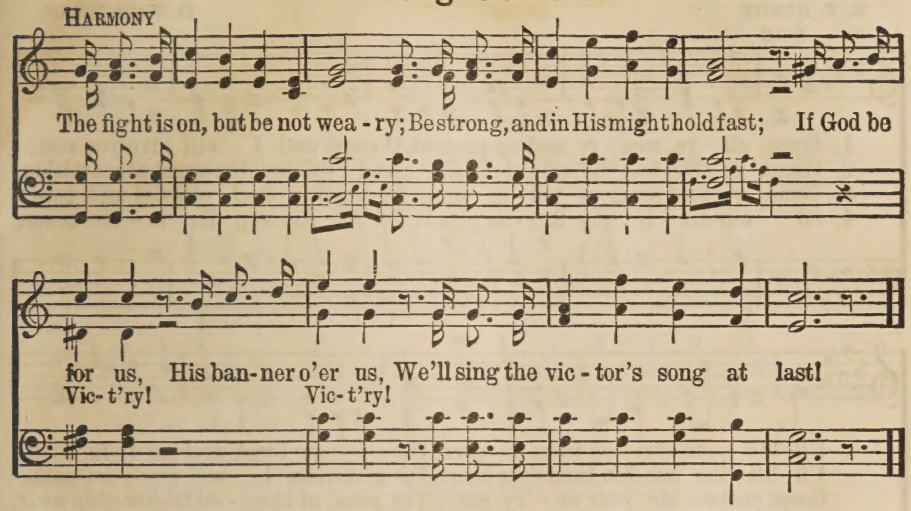
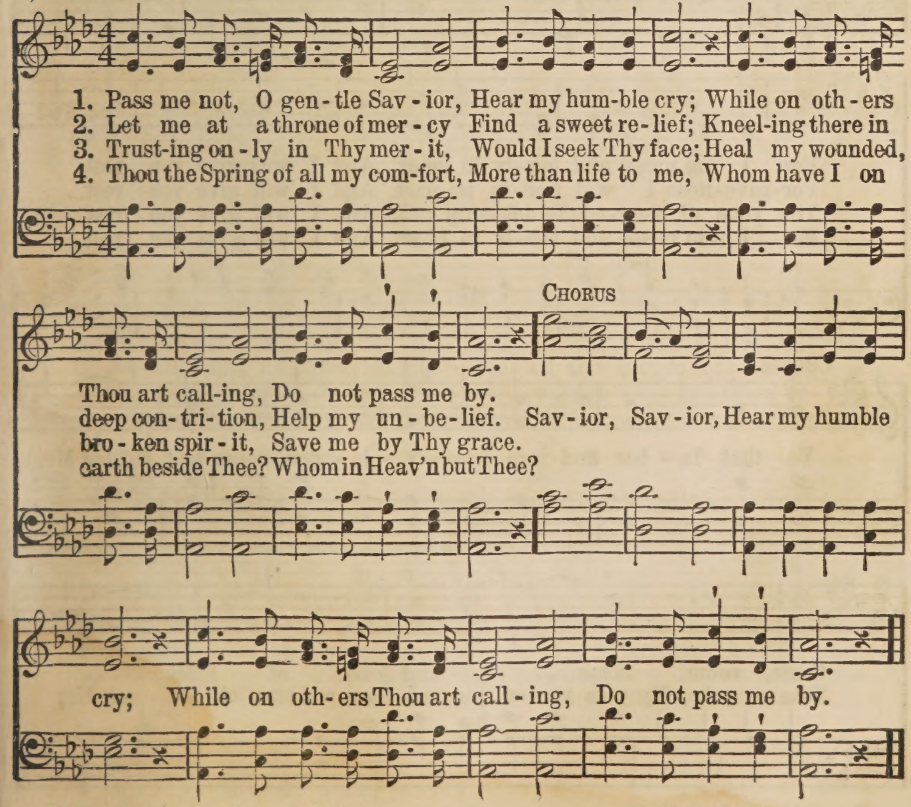
The Fight is On

HARMONY


The fight is on, but be not wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
Vic- t'ry! Vic- t'ry!

61 Pass Me Not

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
CHORUS
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con- tri- tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my humble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

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Come Unto Me

E. E. Hewitt — D. Ward Milam

Solo

1. Come, all ye wea - ry and op-pressed, O come and I will give you rest;
2. Come, ye that feel the weight of sin, And I will breathe sweet peace within;
3. Come, ye that seem to toil in vain, Be-neath a load of grief and pain;
4. So ten-der - ly my Sav - ior pleads, For all His own He in - ter-cedes;

I'll bid your anx-ious fears de-part, For I am meek and low-ly in heart,
I'll lift the bur-den from your heart, For-give-ness I will freely im-part,
Come, cast on Me your ev - 'ry care, The yoke of bless - ed fel-low-ship wear,
And still He's call-ing, Come to Me, And ye shall find rest un-to your soul,

ab lid.

For I am meek and low-ly in heart, And I will give you rest.
For-give-ness I will free-ly im-part, And I will give you rest.
The yoke of bless-ed fel-low-ship wear, And I will give you rest.
For I am meek and low-ly in heart, And I will give you rest.

Chorus

Ye that la - bor and are heav - y - la - den, come to Me, (to Me,)

Come, come, come, ... and learn of Me; . . . . .
Take my yoke, My yoke up - on you, and learn, and learn of Me, of Me;

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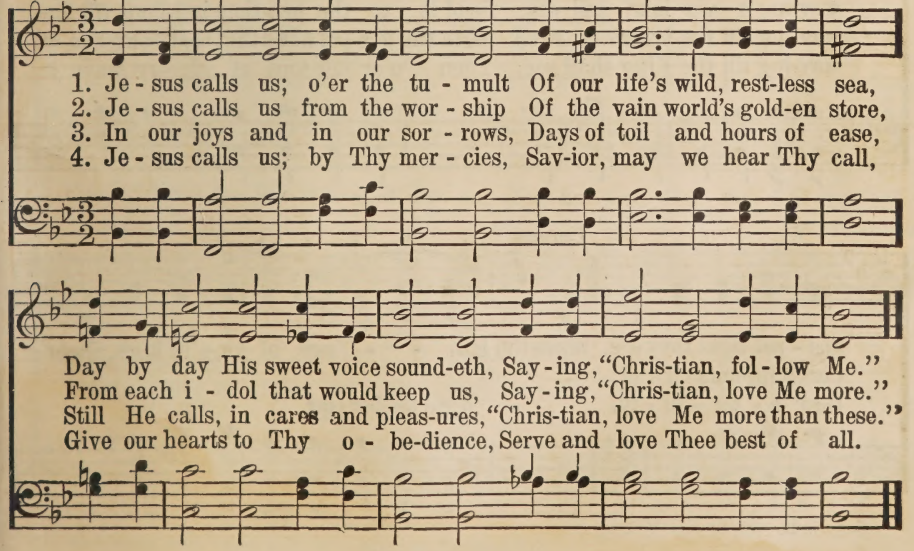
Come Unto Me

My yoke is eas - - y, My bur - den is light, . . .
For My yoke is eas - y, and My bur-den is light, My bur-den is light,
For My yoke is eas - - y, My bur - - den is light, . . .
My yoke is eas - - y, My bur - den is light, . . .
For My yoke is eas - y, and My bur-den is light, My bur-den is light,
rit.
Come, come, Come, and I will give you rest.
Come, O come,

63 Jesus Calls Us

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander — William H. Jude


1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, fol - low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, "Chris-tian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

64 Keep the Blood-Stained Banner Waving

Mrs. Ida C. Reid — James V. Reid

1. Keep the blood-stained banner waving high the world a - round; Wave it
2. Keep the blood-stained banner waving, 'tis the Lord's de - cree That the
3. Keep the blood-stained banner waving o'er the world's do - main; Wave it
a - round, a-round, then
de - cree, de-cree, 'tis
do - main, do-main, and
o'er ev - 'ry na - tion where man is found; Keep the blood-stained ban-ner
world thro' His mighty pow'r shall be free; Keep the blood-stained ban-ner
till heav - en ech - oes with the re - frain; Keep the blood-stained ban-ner
is found;
be free;
re - frain;
wav-ing o - ver land and sea, Send it to the hea-then mil-lions till the
wav-ing till the breez - es swell With the gos-pel news that God's own Son is
wav-ing till the King shall see, Then o'er hill-tops of glo - ry wave it
Chorus
gos - pel light they see. Wave the ban - - ner of vic-t'ry high, Shout a
Christ Im-man-u - el.
thro' e - ter - ni - ty. Wave the ban - ner

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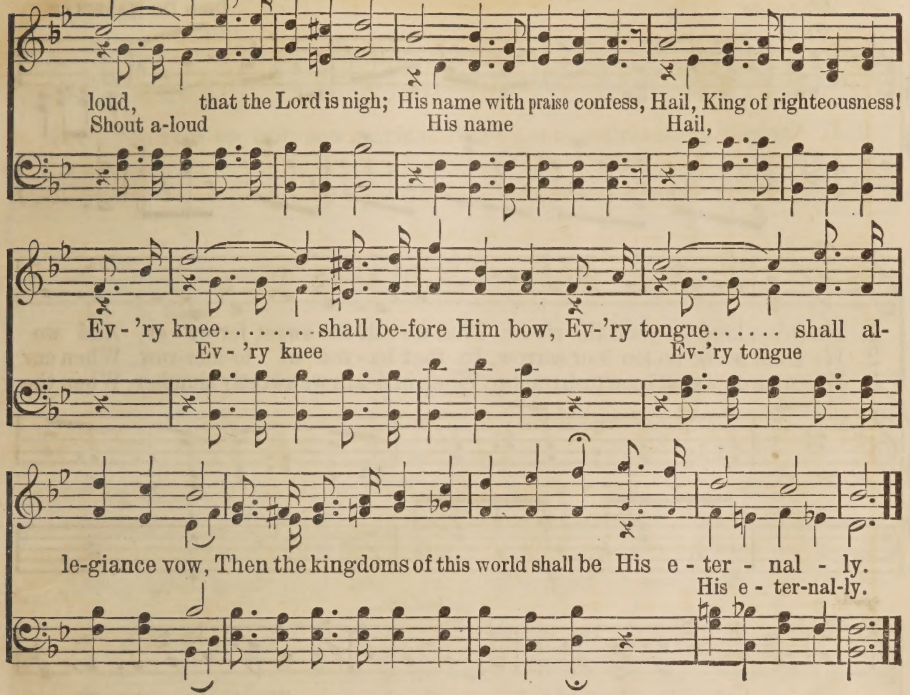
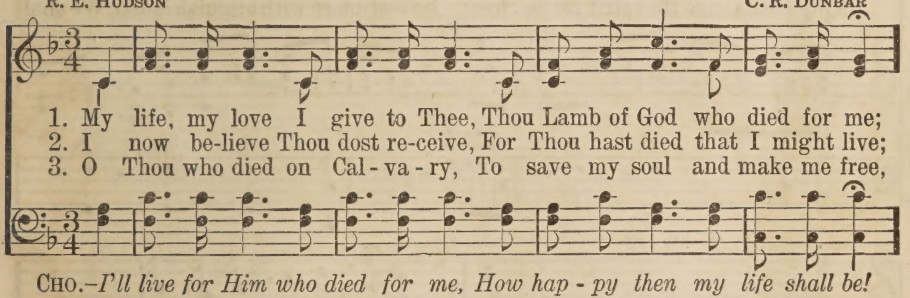
Keep the Blood-Stained Banner Waving


loud, that the Lord is nigh; His name with praise confess, Hail, King of righteousness!
Shout a-loud His name Hail,
Ev-'ry knee..... shall be-fore Him bow, Ev-'ry tongue..... shall al-
Ev-'ry knee Ev-'ry tongue
le-giance vow, Then the kingdoms of this world shall be His e-ter-nal-ly.
His e-ter-nal-ly.

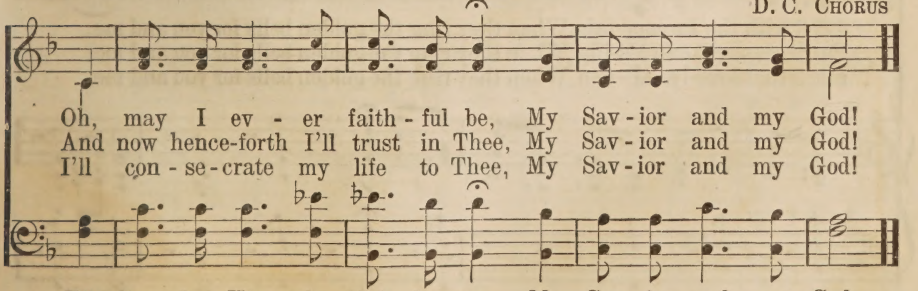
65 I'll Live for Him

R. E. HUDSON C. R. DUNBAR


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.–*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. CHORUS


Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God.

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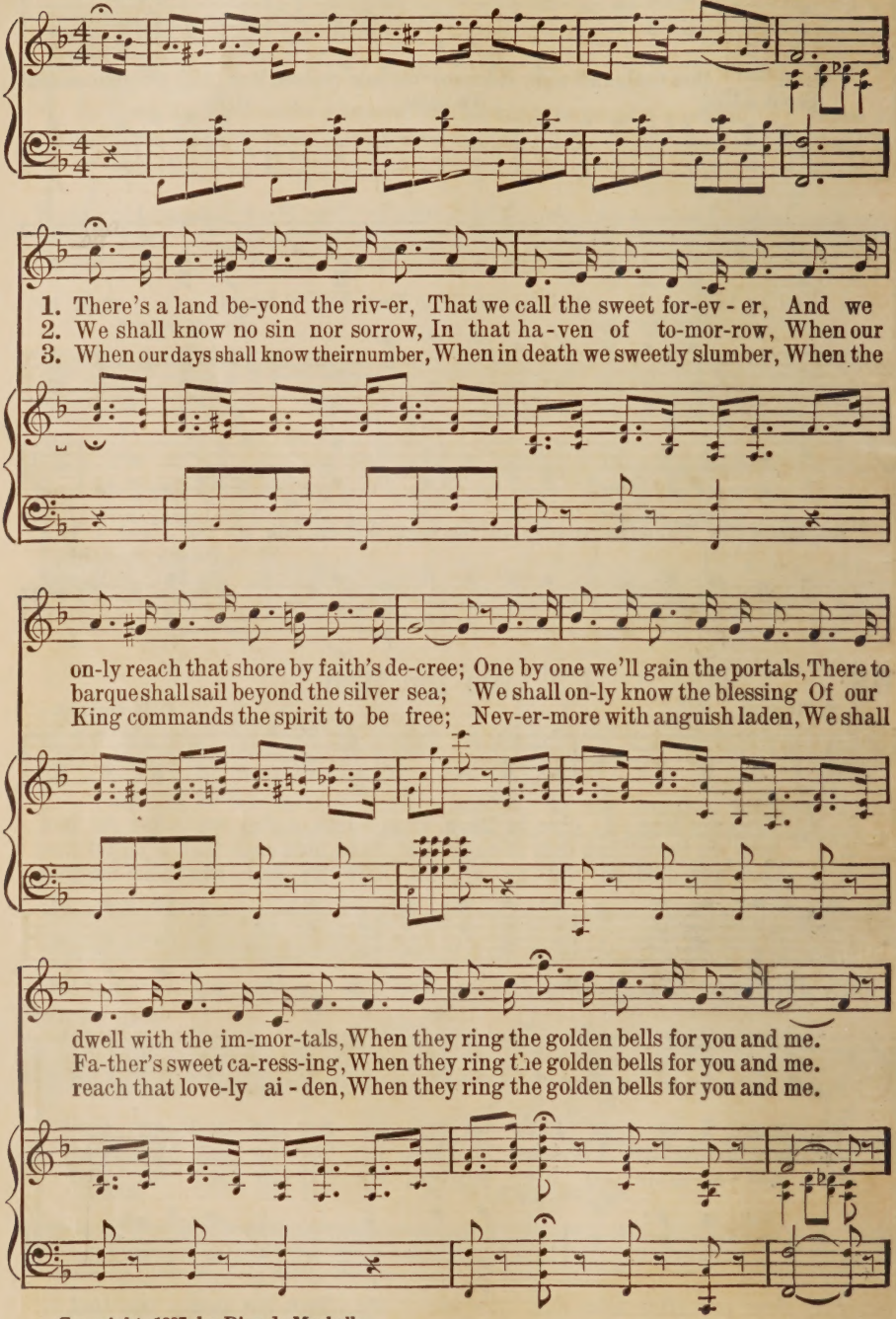
When They Ring the Golden Bells

Moderato

DION DE MARBELLE


1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev - er, And we
2. We shall know no sin nor sorrow, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, When in death we sweetly slumber, When the
on-ly reach that shore by faith's de-cree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the silver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spirit to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish laden, We shall
dwell with the im-mor-tals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai - den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

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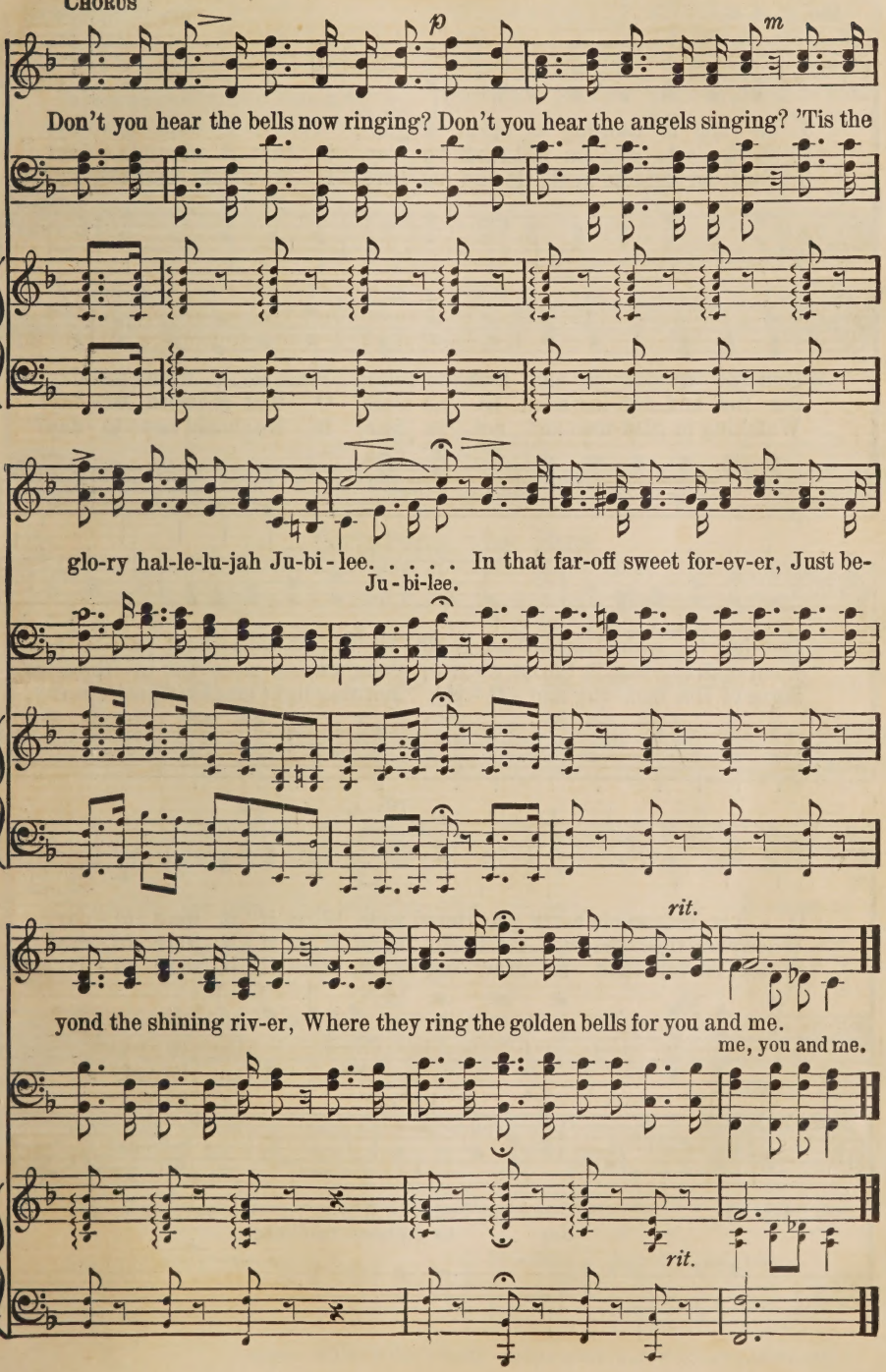
When They Ring the Golden Bells

CHORUS


p
m
Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the angels singing? 'Tis the
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. . . . . In that far-off sweet for-ev-er, Just be-
Ju-bi-lee.
rit.
yond the shining riv-er, Where they ring the golden bells for you and me.
me, you and me.
rit.

What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris

1. Je - sus is com-ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do - min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com-ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com-ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morning light breaks in east-ern sky,

rit. *a tempo*

O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring;.. Glo - ry, glo - ry!
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

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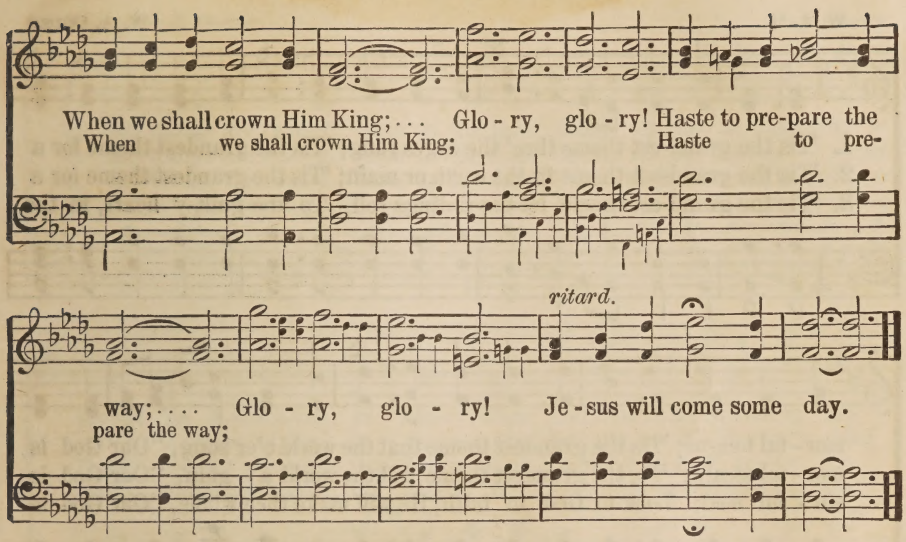
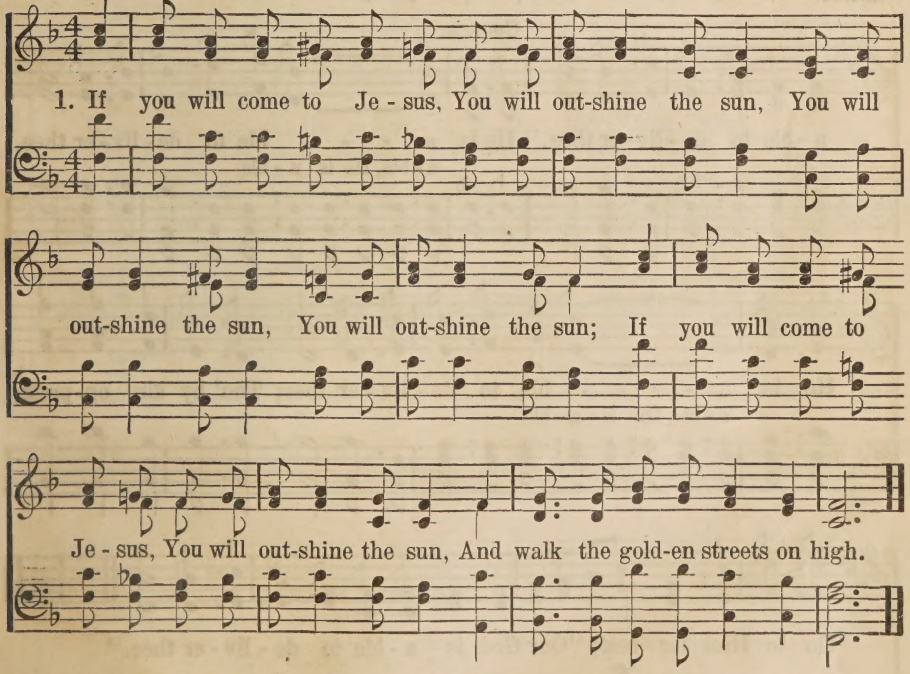
What If It Were To-day?


When we shall crown Him King; . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-pare the
When we shall crown Him King; Haste to pre-
ritard.
way; . . . . Glo - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.
pare the way;

68 Outshine the Sun

Arr. Arr. A. C. F.


1. If you will come to Je - sus, You will out-shine the sun, You will
out-shine the sun, You will out-shine the sun; If you will come to
Je - sus, You will out-shine the sun, And walk the gold-en streets on high.

2 If you keep on believing, etc.
3 If you keep on obeying, etc.
4 If you lift up the fallen, etc.
5 If you're a cheerful giver, etc.
6 If you're a smiling Christian, etc.
7 If you keep close to Jesus, etc.

He is Able to Deliver Thee

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN

1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a-gain, "Our God is
sin-ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
CHORUS.
a-ble to de-liv-er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee,
a-ble, He is a-ble
He is a - - - - ble to de-liv-er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a-ble, He is a-ble
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a-ble to de-liv-er thee."

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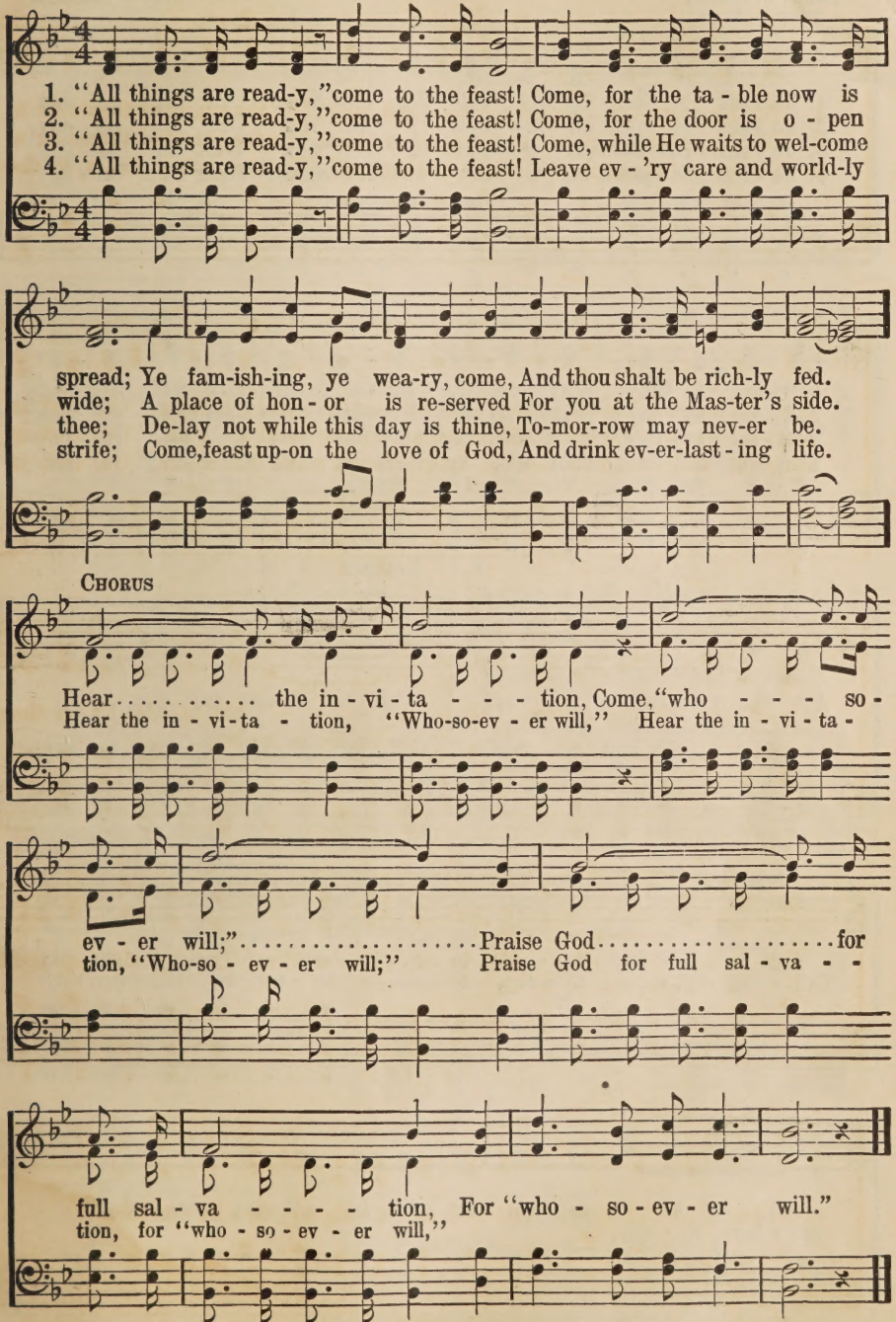
Come to the Feast

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER W. A. OGDEN


1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly
spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
wide; A place of hon - or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side.
thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last - ing life.
CHORUS
Hear ..... the in - vi - ta - - - - tion, Come, "who - - - - so -
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta -
ev - er will;" ..... Praise God ..... for
tion, "Who-so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - -
full sal - va - - - - - tion, For "who - so - ev - er will."
tion, for "who - so - ev - er will,"

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Jesus Is Calling

FANNY J. CROSBY GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait-ing; O come to Him now— Wait-ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead-ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN
Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon-ger de - lay.
Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.
Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - ing to - day, ...
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Je - - - - - sus is
Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
call - ing to - day,

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Let Him In

J. B. ATCHINSON

E. O. EXCELL

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

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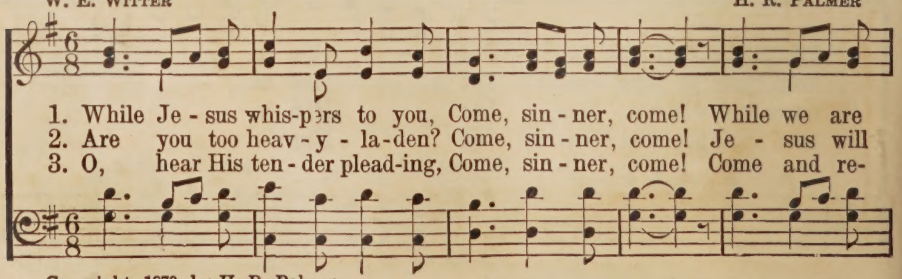
73 Only Trust Him

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest:
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
CHORUS
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

74 While Jesus Whispers to You

W. E. WITTER H. R. PALMER


1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. O, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-

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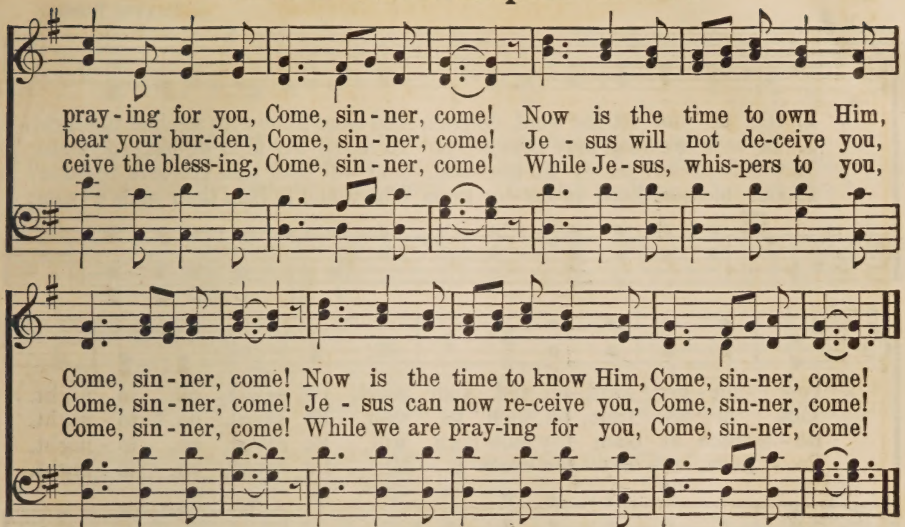
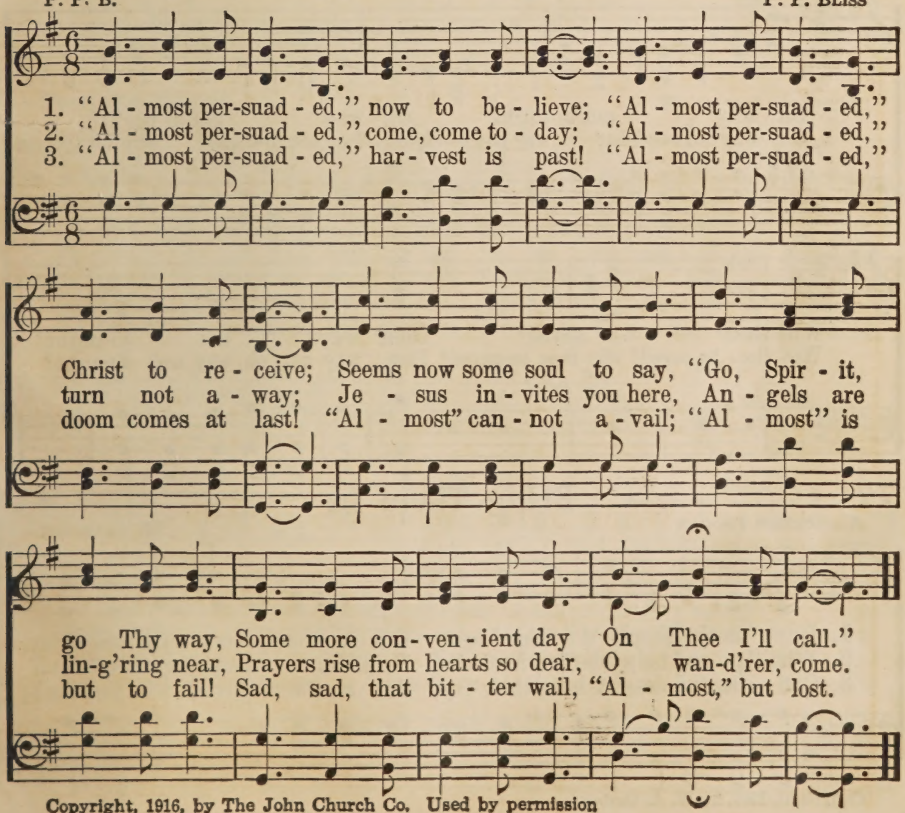
While Jesus Whispers to You


pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus, whis-pers to you,
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now re-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

75 Almost Persuaded

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is
go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail, "Al-most," but lost.

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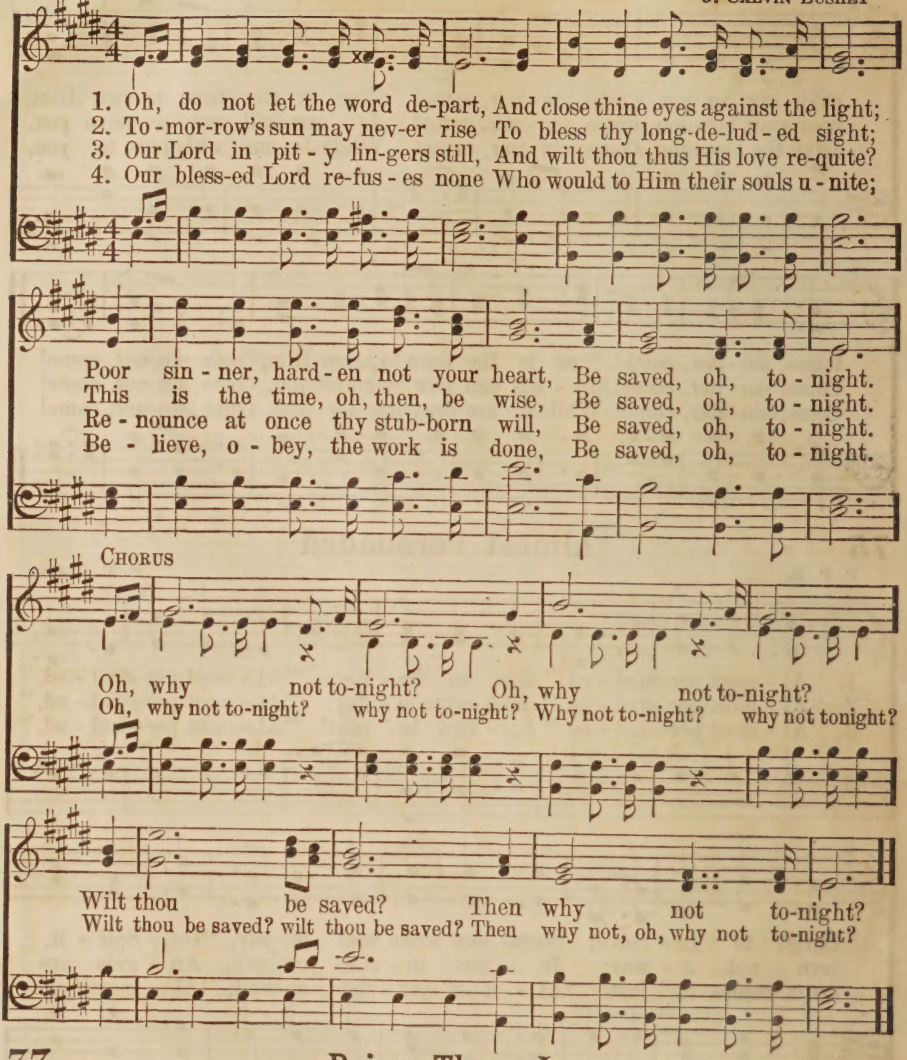
Oh, Why Not To-night?

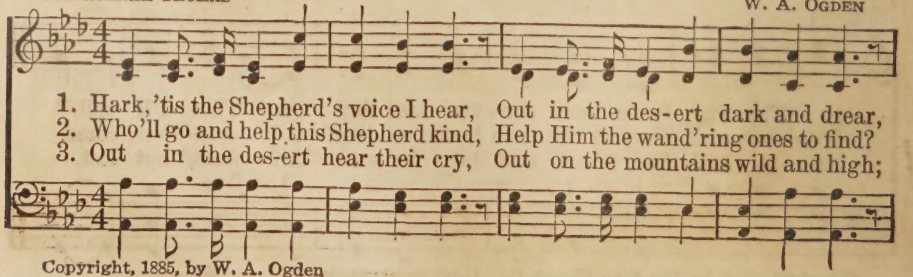
J. CALVIN BUSHEY


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.
CHORUS
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not tonight?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

77 Bring Them In

ALEXCENAH THOMAS

W. A. OGDEN


1. Hark, 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;

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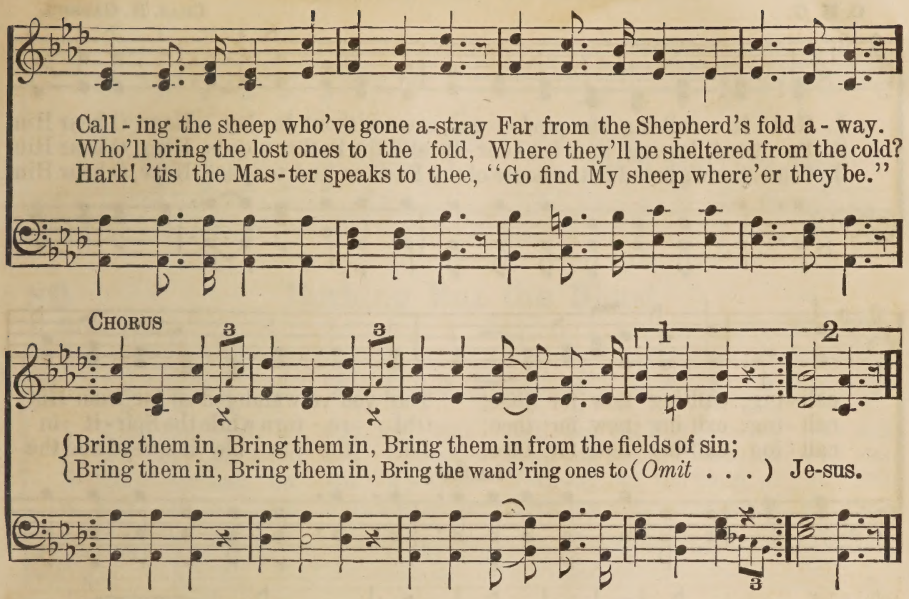
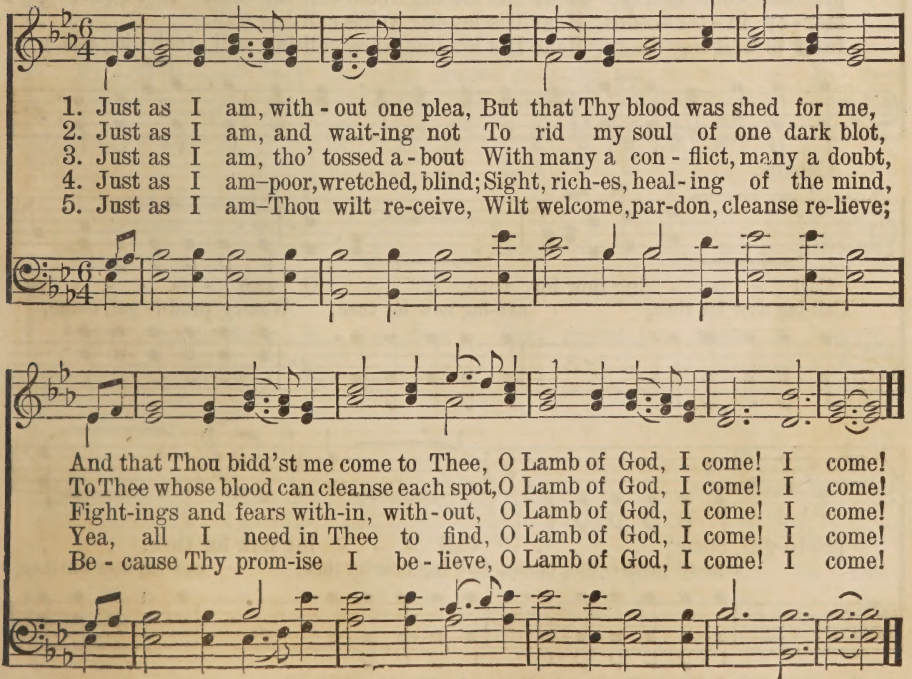
Bring Them In


Call - ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep where'er they be."
Chorus
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to (Omit . . .) Je-sus.

78 Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliott — William B. Bradbury


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse re-lieve;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Calling the Prodigal

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come without de-lay, Hear, O hear Him
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing and ten-der-ly still the Father pleads, Hear, O hear Him
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O hear Him
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so far from His
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the Spir-it in
call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is spread and the
for thee;
presence, come to-day, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. . . . . .
feast is wait-ing there, Hear His lov-ing voice call-ing still. (call-ing still.)
CHORUS.
Call - - - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - - - ry
Call-ing now for thee, call-ing now for thee, Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,
prod-i-gal, come; . . . . Call - - - - ing now for thee, . . .
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come; Call-ing now for thee, call-ing now for thee,

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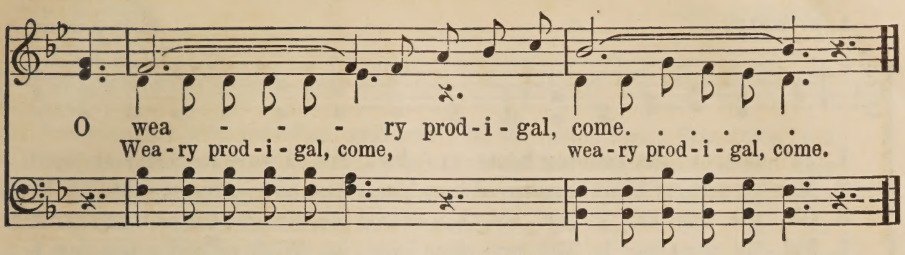
Calling the Prodigal



80 Nothing But the Blood

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
REFRAIN
Oh! pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth - er fount I know, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

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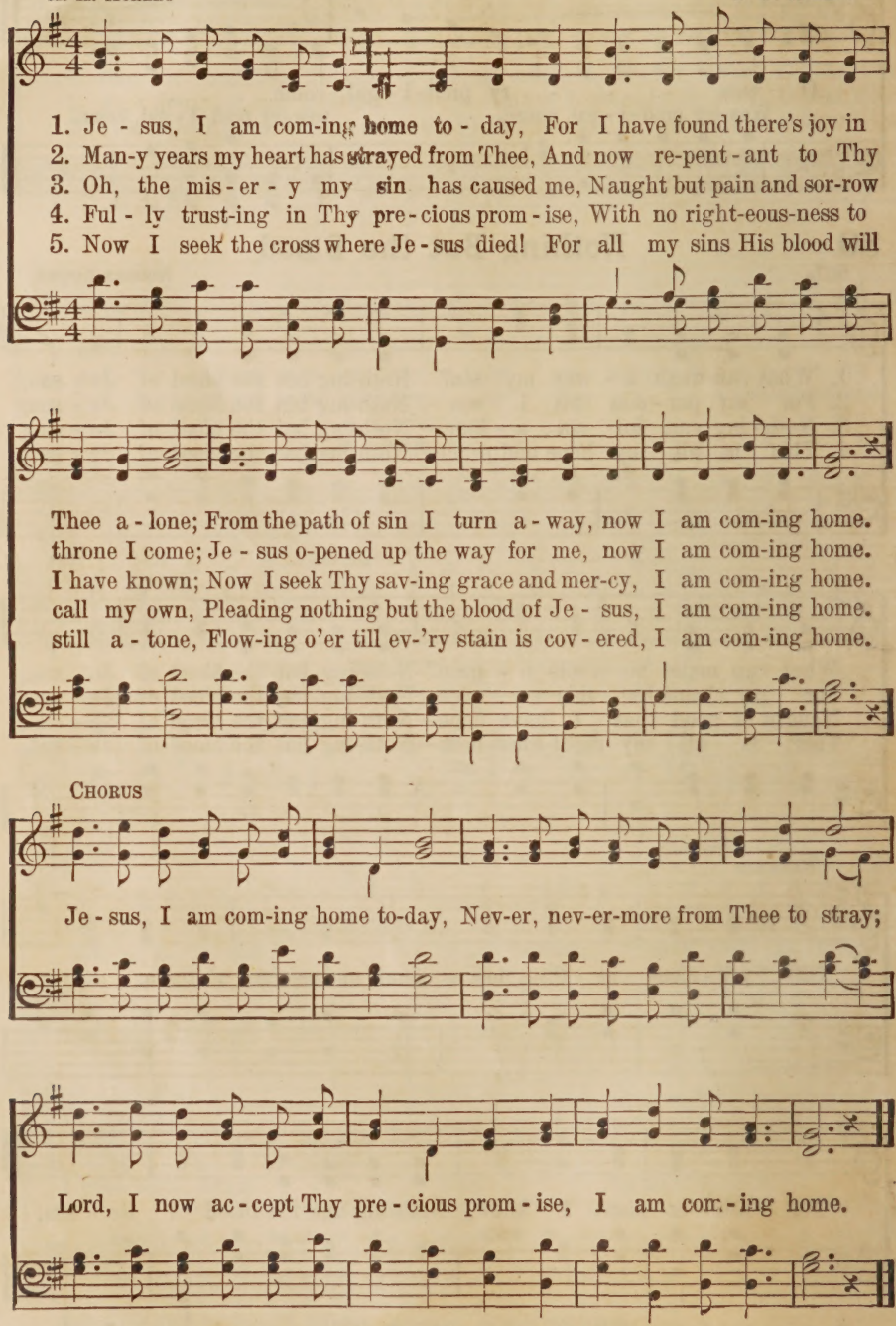
81 Jesus, I Am Coming Home

A. H. ACKLEY B. D. ACKLEY


1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Man-y years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent - ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor-row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right-eous-ness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sins His blood will
Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now I am com-ing home.
throne I come; Je - sus o-pened up the way for me, now I am com-ing home.
I have known; Now I seek Thy sav-ing grace and mer-cy, I am com-ing home.
call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am com-ing home.
still a - tone, Flow-ing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov - ered, I am com-ing home.
CHORUS
Je - sus, I am com-ing home to-day, Nev-er, nev-er-more from Thee to stray;
Lord, I now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

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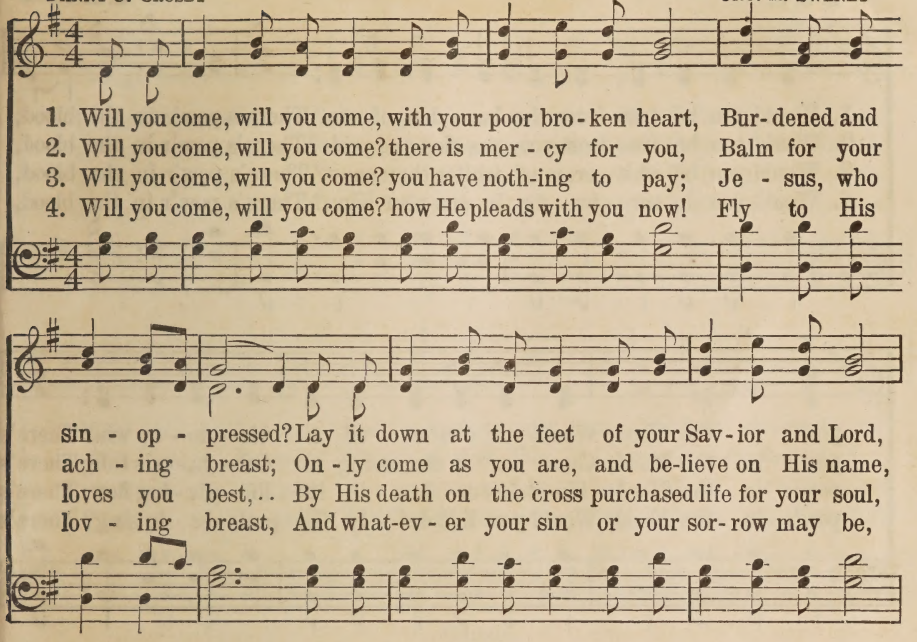
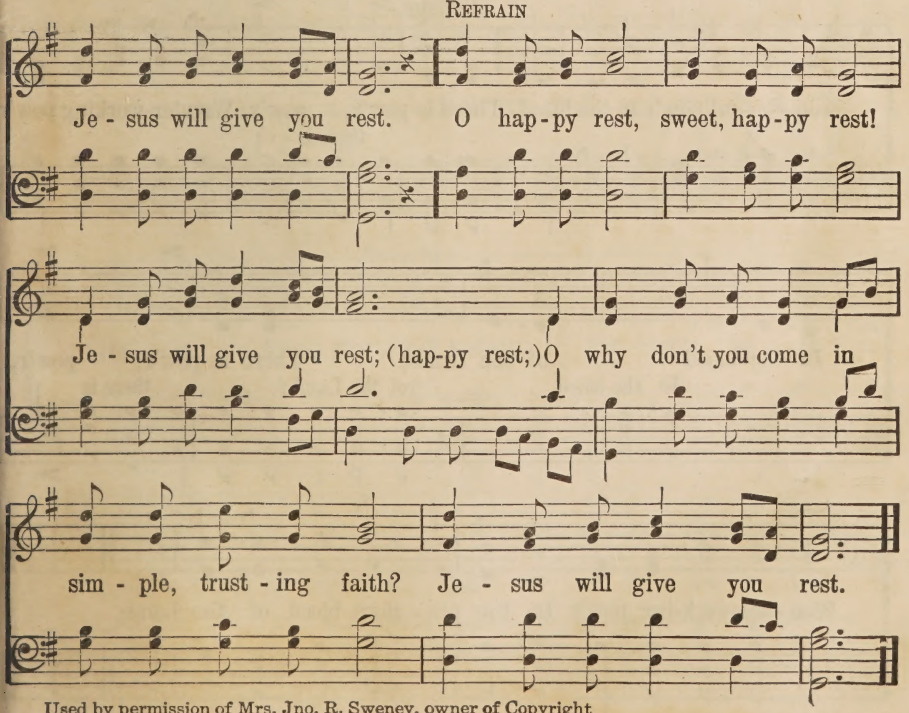
Jesus Will Give You Rest

FANNY J. CROSBY — JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro-ken heart, Bur-dened and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer-cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je-sus, who
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His


sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
ach - ing breast; On-ly come as you are, and be-lieve on His name,
loves you best,.. By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
lov - ing breast, And what-ev-er your sin or your sor-row may be,

REFRAIN


Je - sus will give you rest. O hap-py rest, sweet, hap-py rest!
Je - sus will give you rest; (hap-py rest;) O why don't you come in
sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

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There is Power in the Blood

L. E. J. L. E. Jones

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's

CHORUS.

won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is

In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is

Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.

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Tell It to Jesus

J. E. Rankin, D.D. E. S. Lorenz

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor-row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com-ing King-dom are you sigh-ing?
Chorus
Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,
He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

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There's a Great Day Coming

W. L. T. — Will L. Thompson

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De- part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?

Chorus

m pp m

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the judgment day?

m pp m

Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

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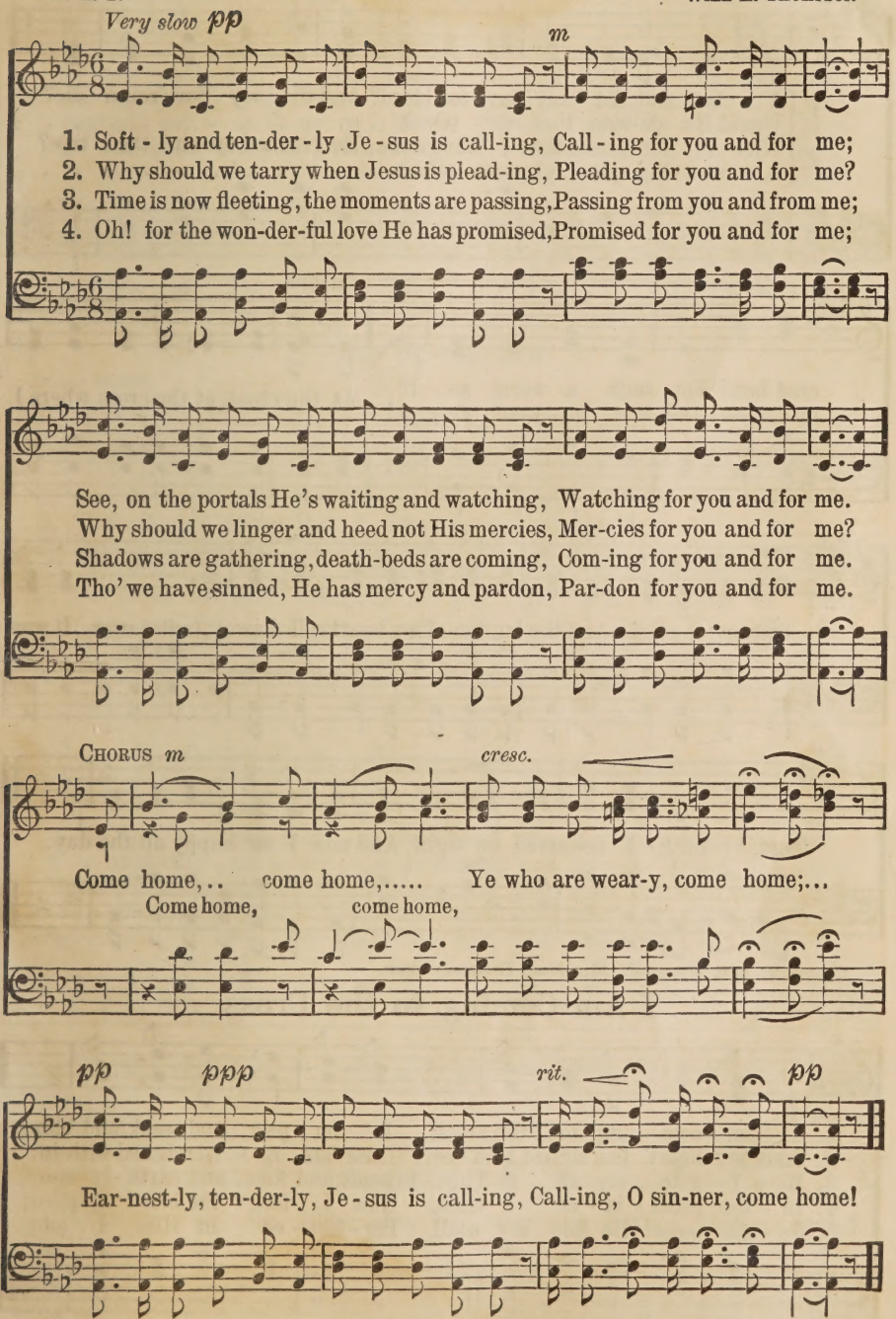
Softly and Tenderly

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON


Very slow pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
CHORUS m
cresc.
Come home,.. come home,..... Ye who are wear-y, come home;...
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

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87 At the Cross

ISAAC WATTS — R. E. HUDSON

1
1. {A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
{Would He de-vote that sa - (Omit . . . . .)
2. {Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
{A - maz-ing pit - y! grace (Omit . . . . .)
2
CHORUS
cred head For such a worm as I?
un-known! And love be - yond de-gree!
At the cross, at the cross, where I
first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was
there by faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

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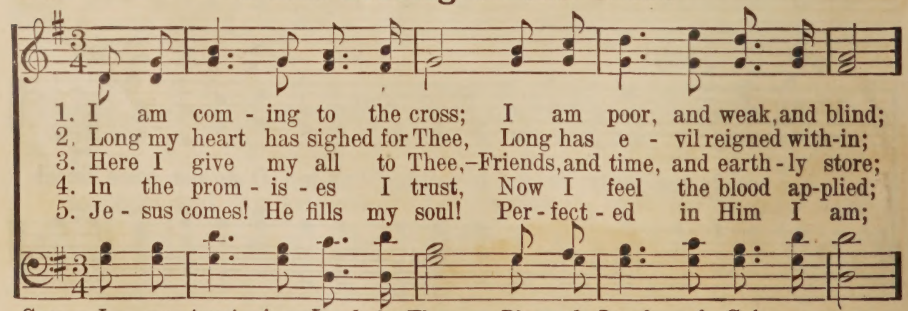
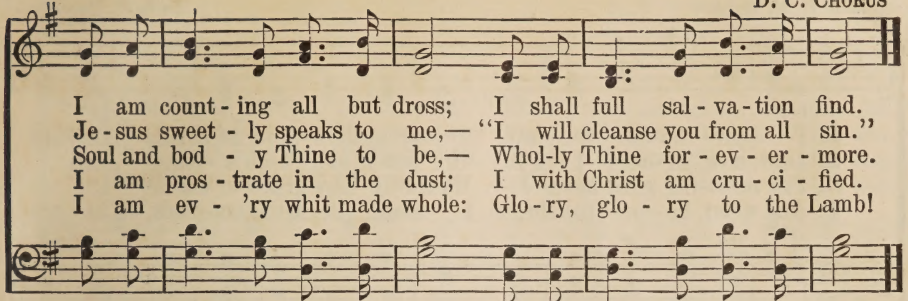
88 I Am Coming to the Cross


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

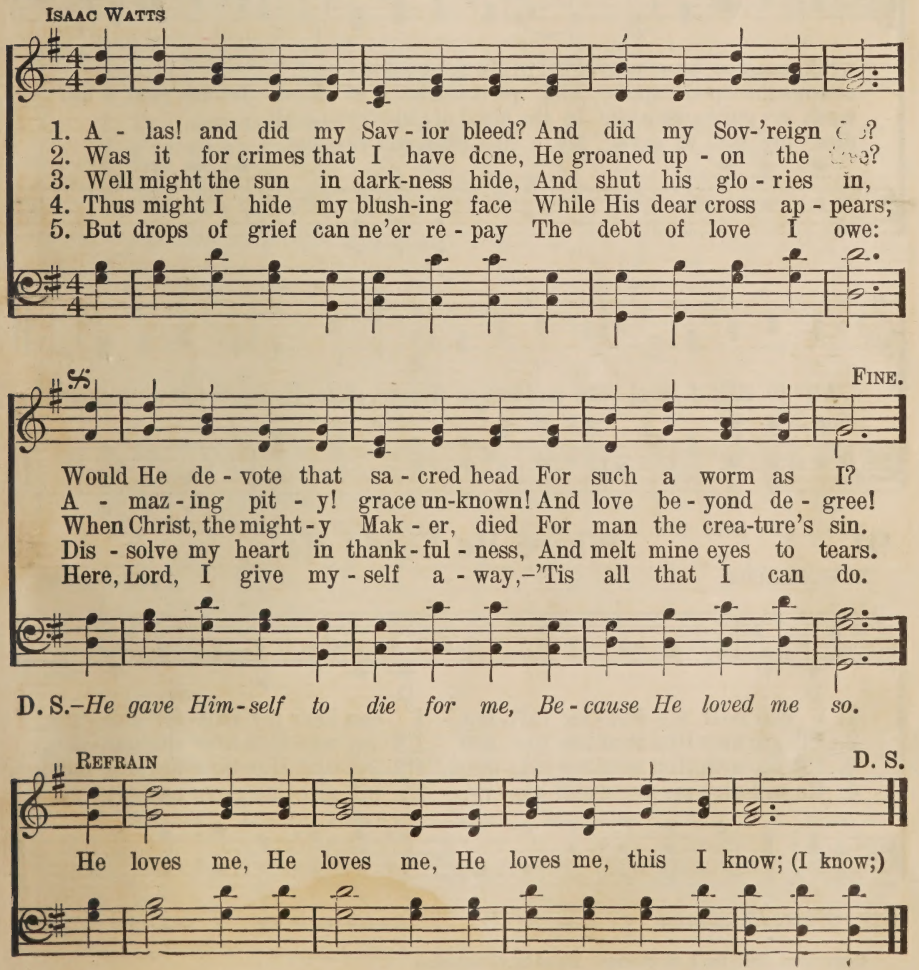
I Am Coming to the Cross

D. C. CHORUS


I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

89 He Loves Me

ISAAC WATTS


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
FINE.
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
D. S.—He gave Him-self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so.
REFRAIN
D. S.
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)

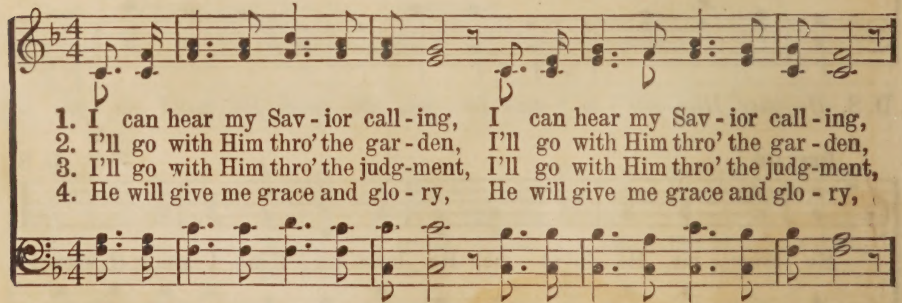
90 Jesus Paid It All

Mrs. H. M. Hall — John T. Grape

1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small, Child of
2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can
3. For noth - ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim— I'll
4. And when, be - fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je - sus
Chorus
weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je - sus paid it all,
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save," My lips shall still re - peat.
All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

91 Where He Leads Me

E. W. Blandly — J. S. Norris


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Ref.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,

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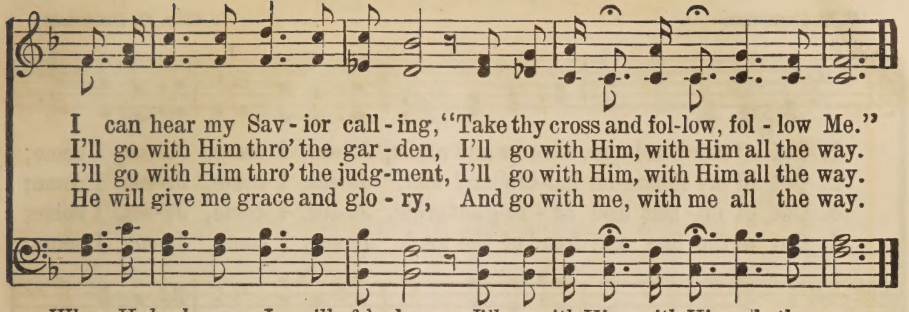
Where He Leads Me

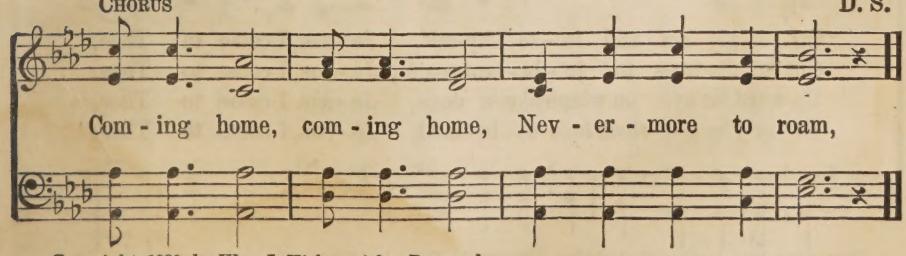

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

92 Lord, I'm Coming Home

W. O. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;
FINE
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.
D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.*

CHORUS D. S.



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Jesus, I Come

W. T. SLEEPER — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

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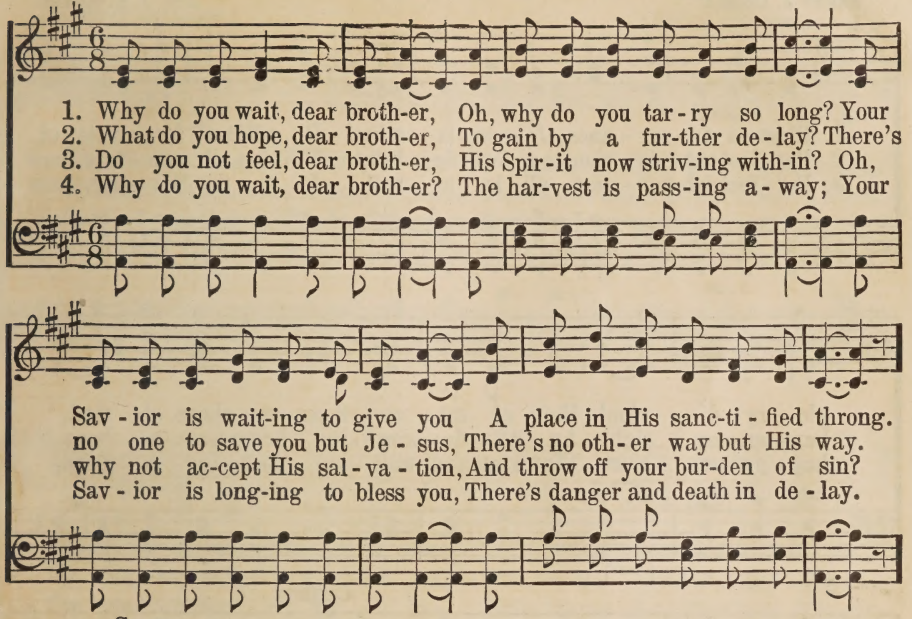
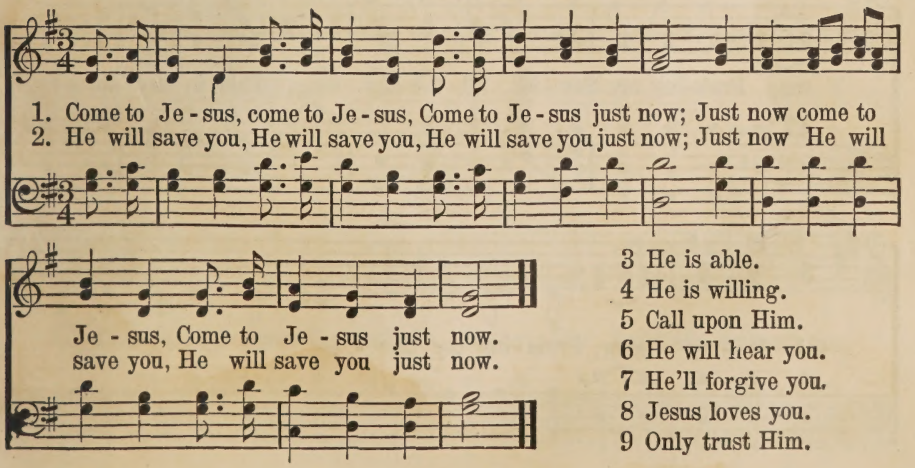
94 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT, by per.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way; Your
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.
CHORUS
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

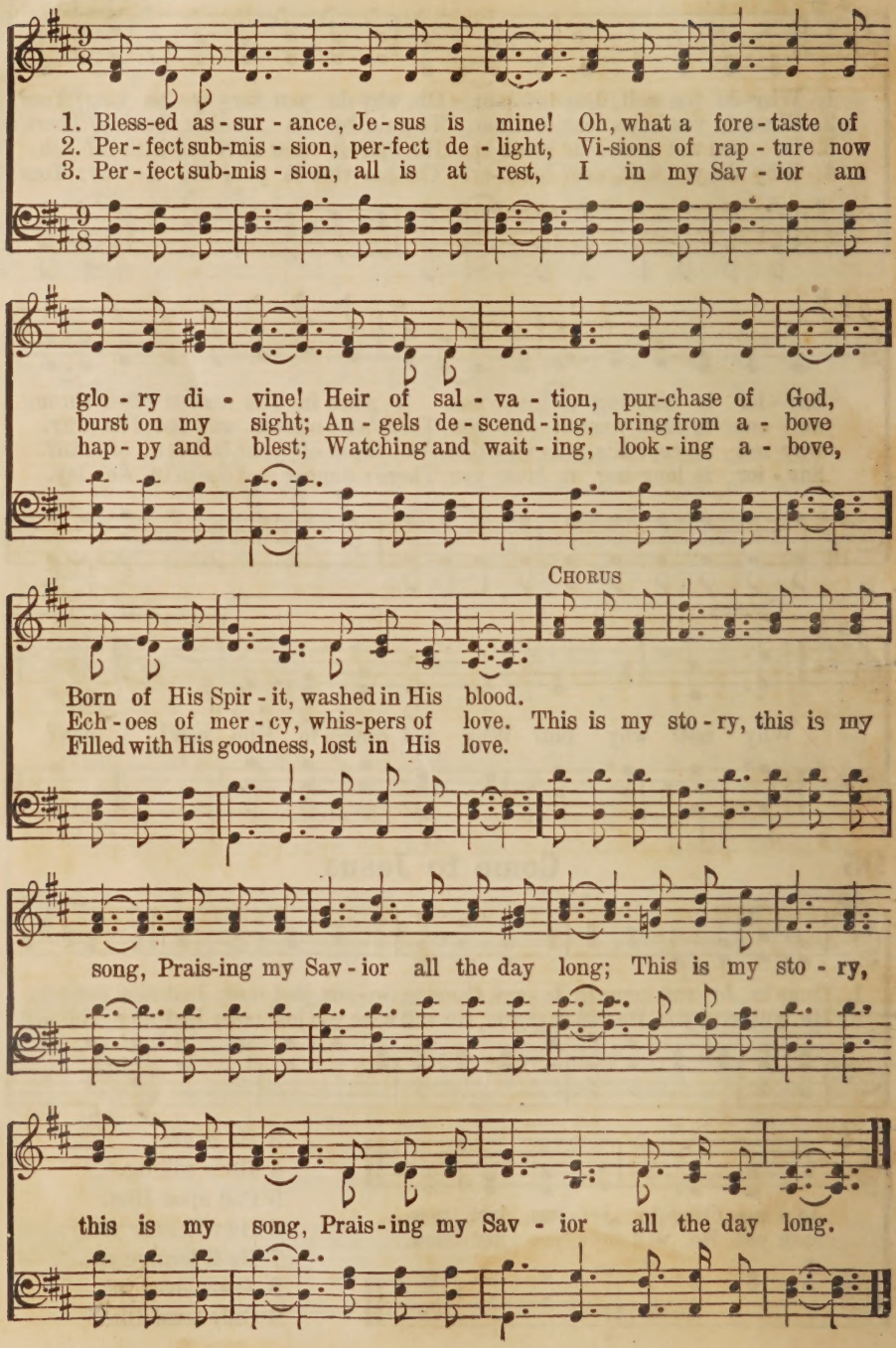
95 Come to Jesus


1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will
Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 Jesus loves you.
9 Only trust Him.

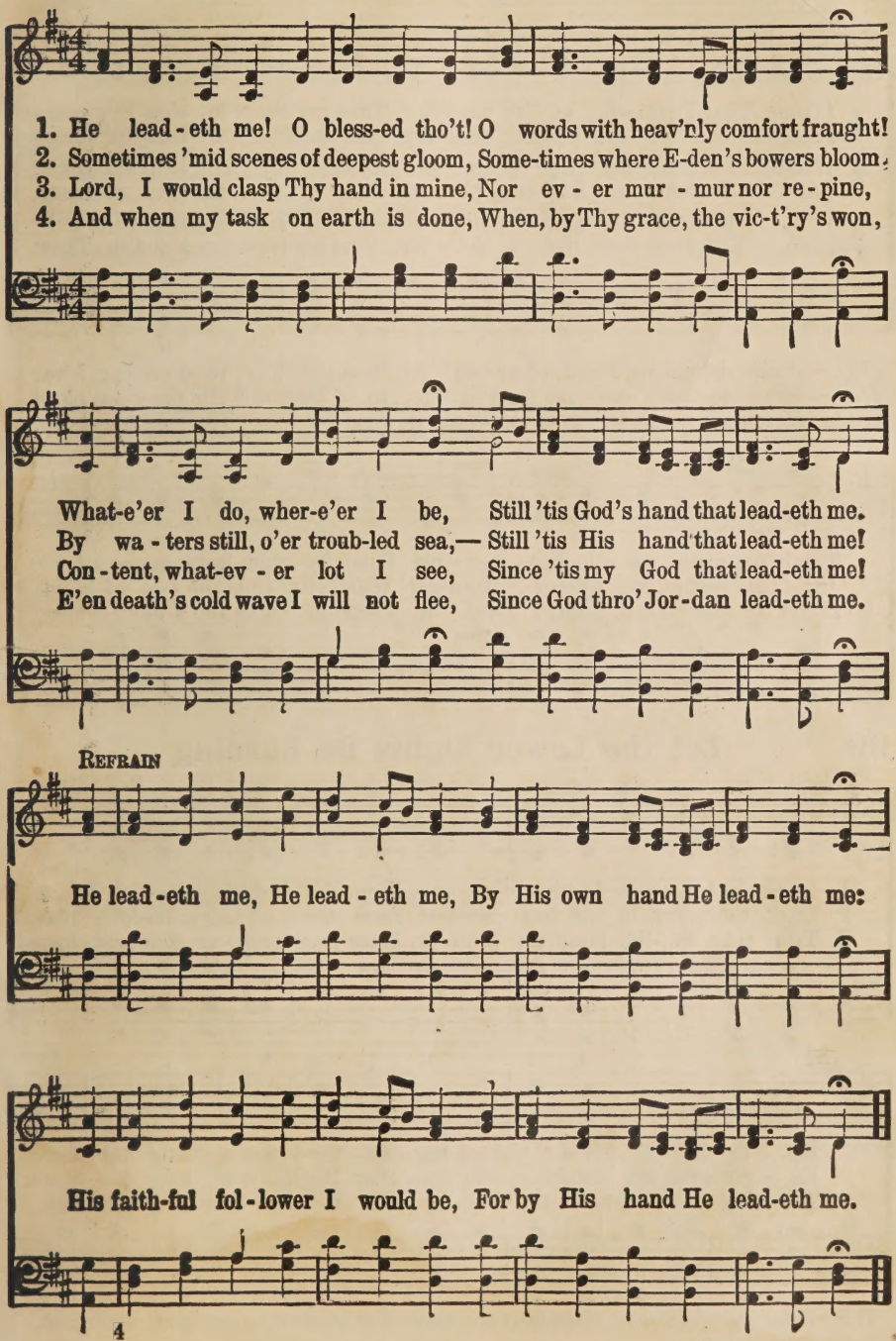
Blessed Assurance

FANNY J. CROSBY — MRS. J. F. KNAPP


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,
CHORUS
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

He Leadeth Me

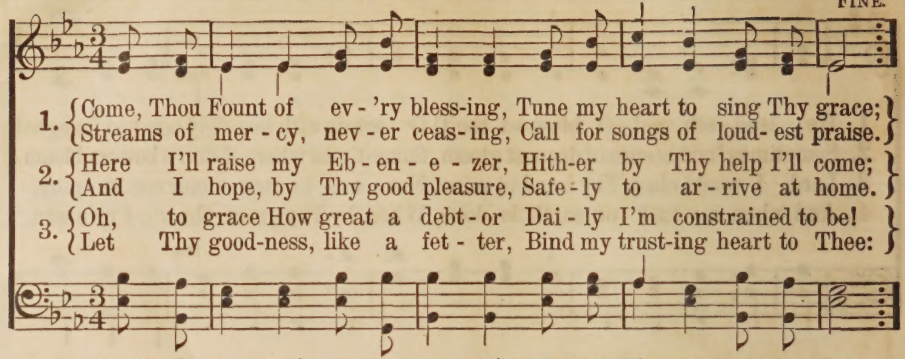
JOSEPH H. GILMORE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

98 Come, Thou Fount

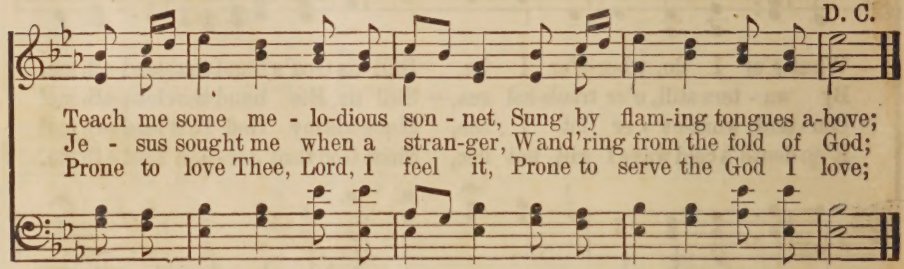
ROBERT ROBINSON — JOHN WYETH

FINE.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud- est praise.
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
3. Oh, to grace How great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my trust-ing heart to Thee:

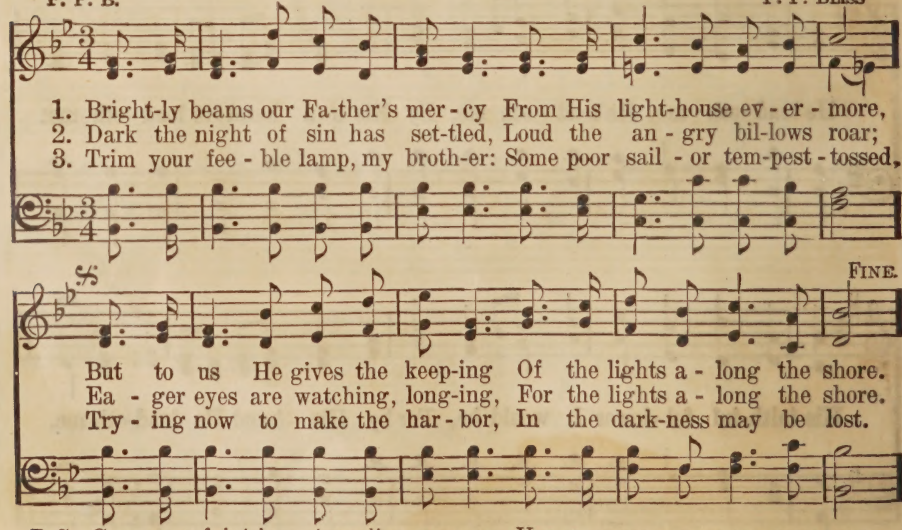
D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re- deem-ing love.
D.C.—He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
D.C.—Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

D. C.


Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to love Thee, Lord, I feel it, Prone to serve the God I love;

99 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

P. P. B. — P. P. BLISS


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest - tossed,
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.–*Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.*

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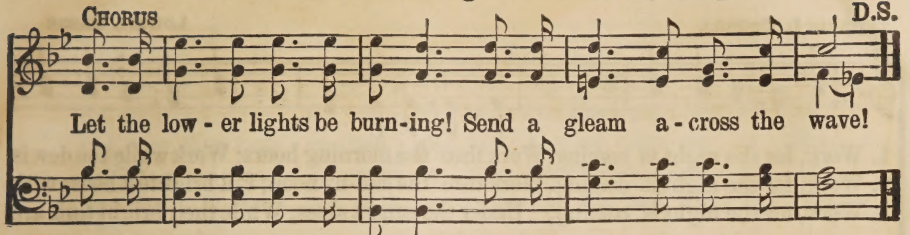
Let the Lower Lights Be Burning



100 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus

LOUISA M. R. STEAD — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

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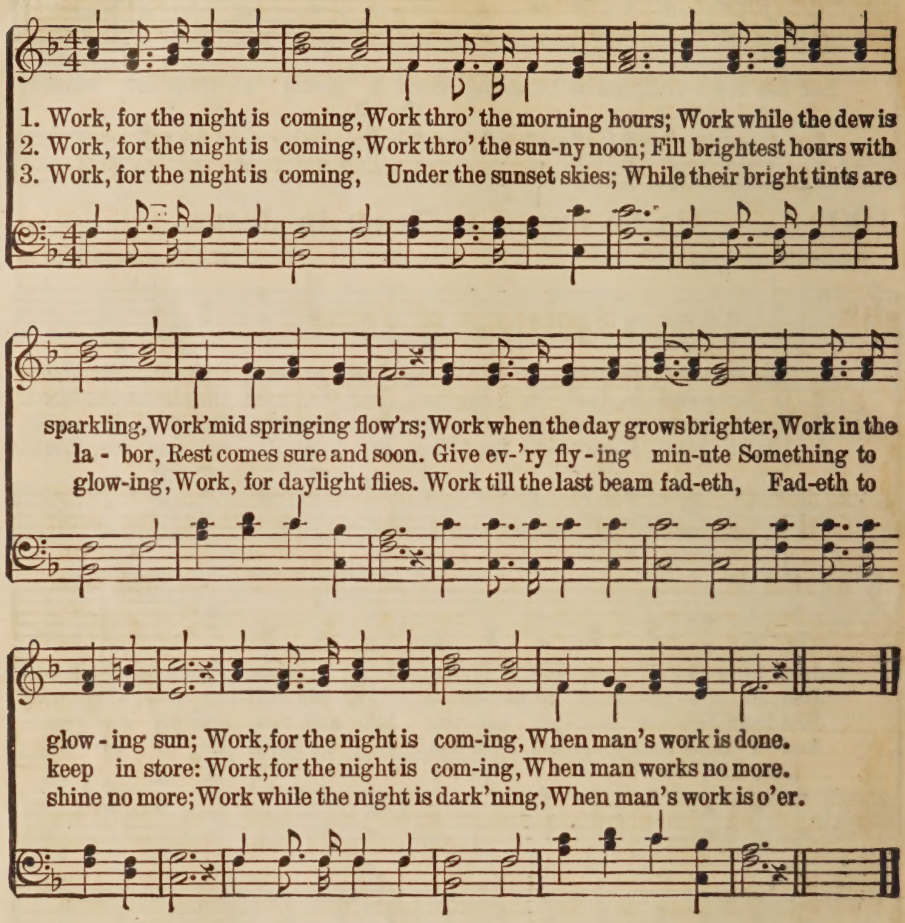
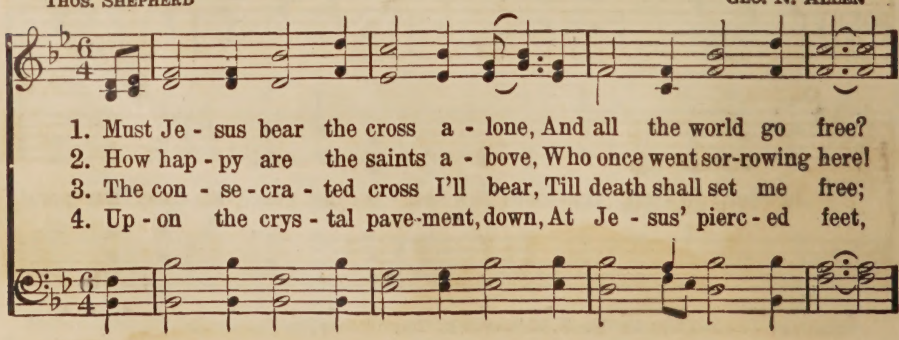
101 Work, For the Night is Coming

ANNIE L. COGHILL — LOWELL MASON

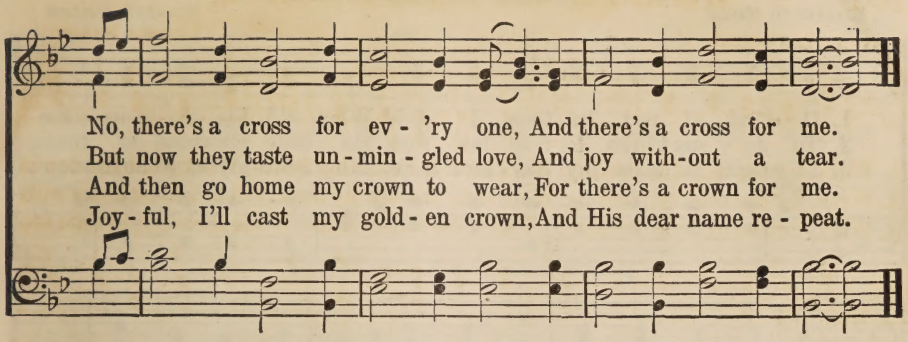

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are
sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter, Work in the
la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly - ing min-ute Something to
glow-ing, Work, for daylight flies. Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to
glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
keep in store: Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

102 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOS. SHEPHERD — GEO. N. ALLEN

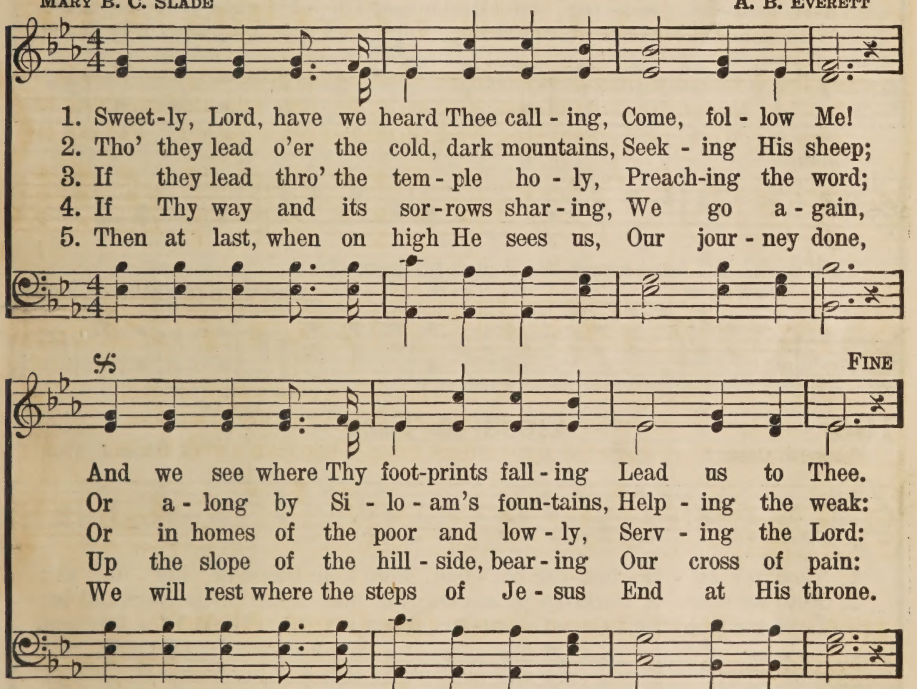

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-rowing here!
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down, At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

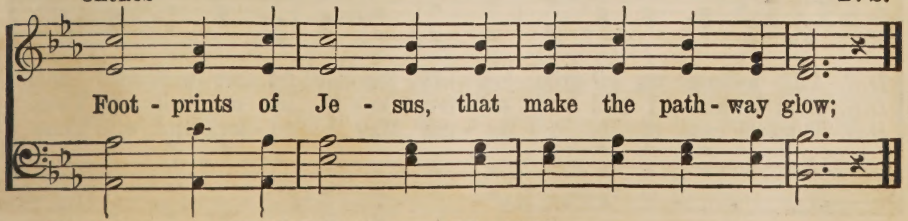

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

103 Footsteps of Jesus

MARY B. C. SLADE — A. B. EVERETT


1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call - ing, Come, fol - low Me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word;
4. If Thy way and its sor - rows shar - ing, We go a - gain,
5. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done,
FINE
And we see where Thy foot-prints fall - ing Lead us to Thee.
Or a - long by Si - lo - am's foun-tains, Help - ing the weak:
Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord:
Up the slope of the hill - side, bear - ing Our cross of pain:
We will rest where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.
D. S.—*We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.*

CHORUS — D. S.



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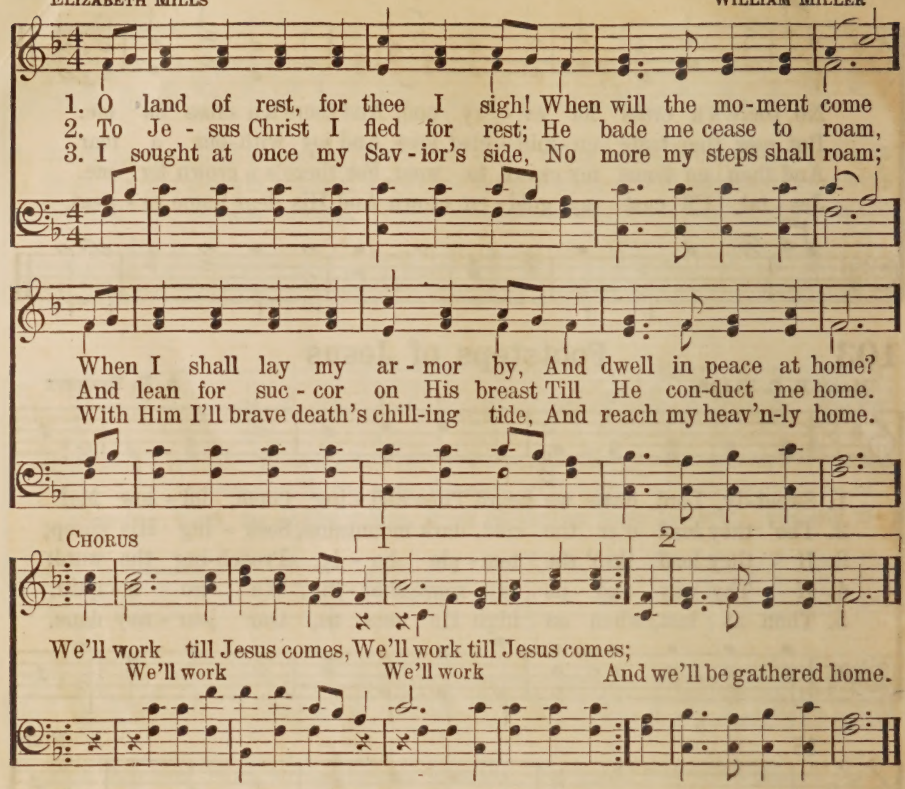
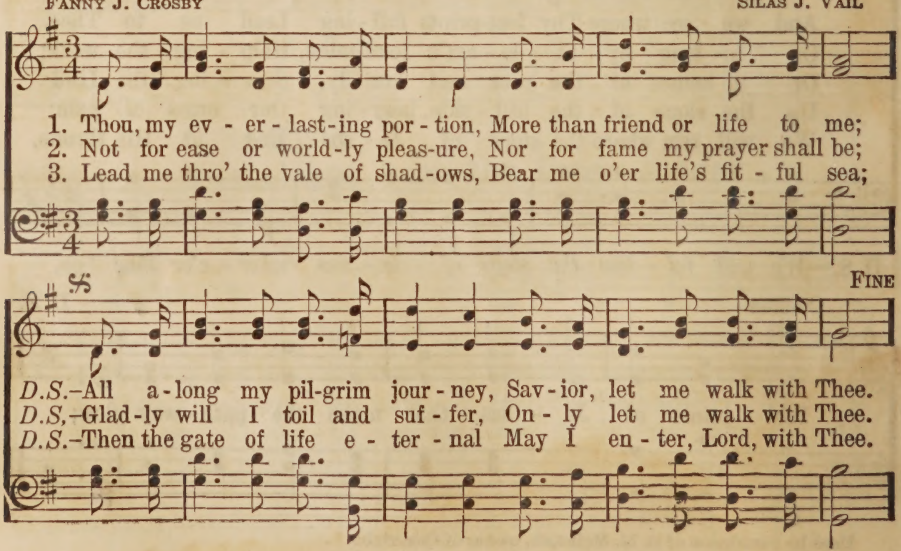
104 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

ELIZABETH MILLS — WILLIAM MILLER


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
2. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
CHORUS
1
2
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes;
We'll work
We'll work
And we'll be gathered home.

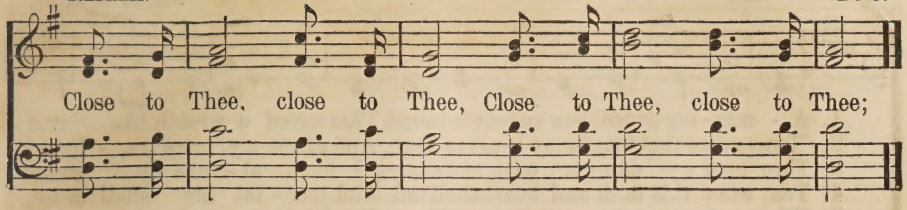
105 Close to Thee

FANNY J. CROSBY — SILAS J. VAIL


1. Thou, my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;
D.S.
FINE
D.S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

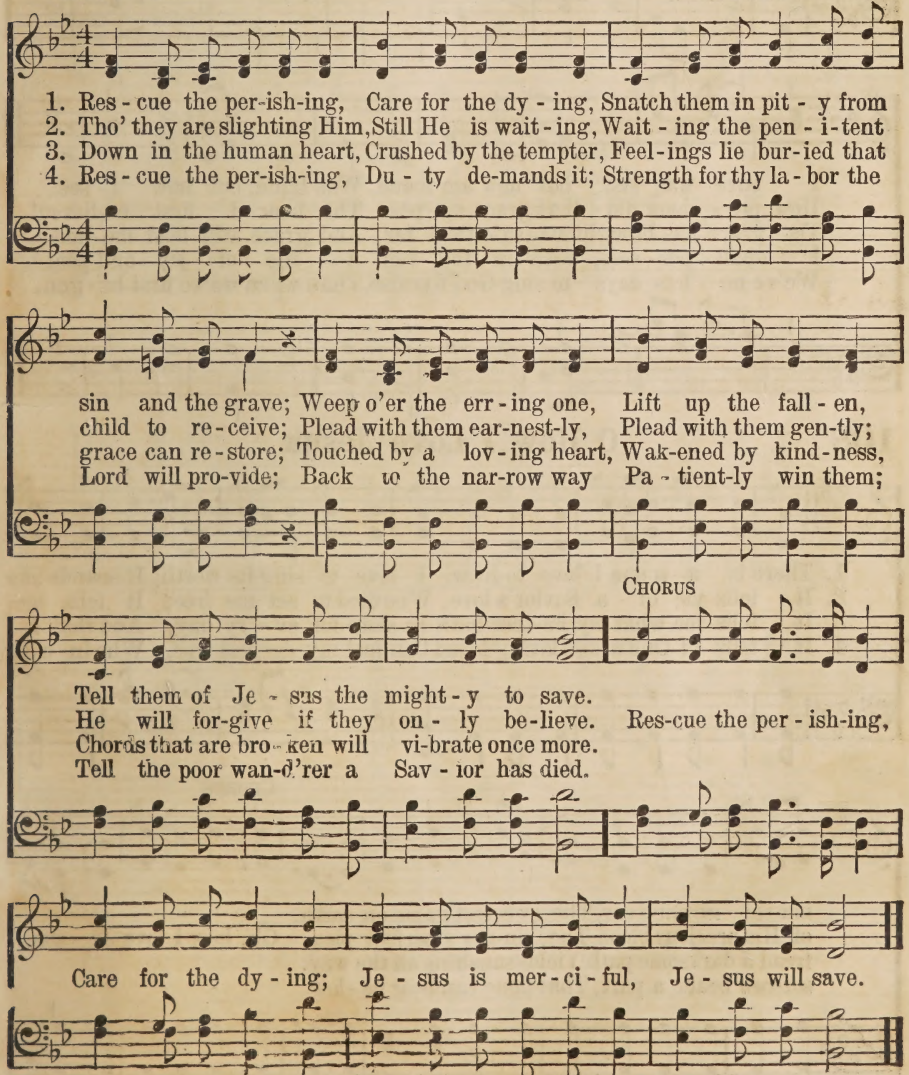
Close to Thee

REFRAIN D. S.



106 Rescue the Perishing

FANNY J. CROSBY WILLIAM H. DOANE


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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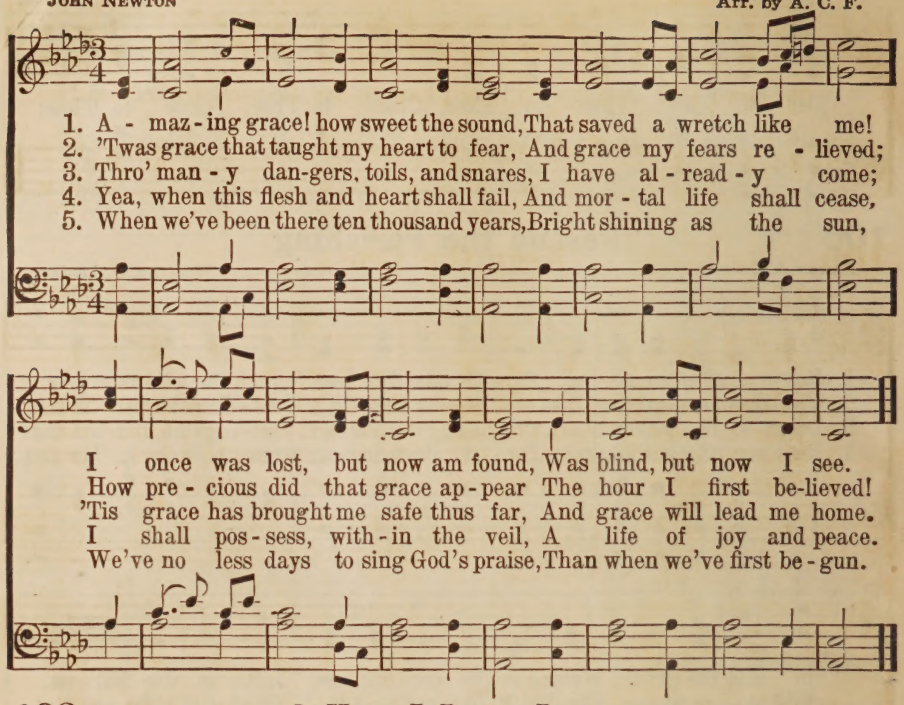
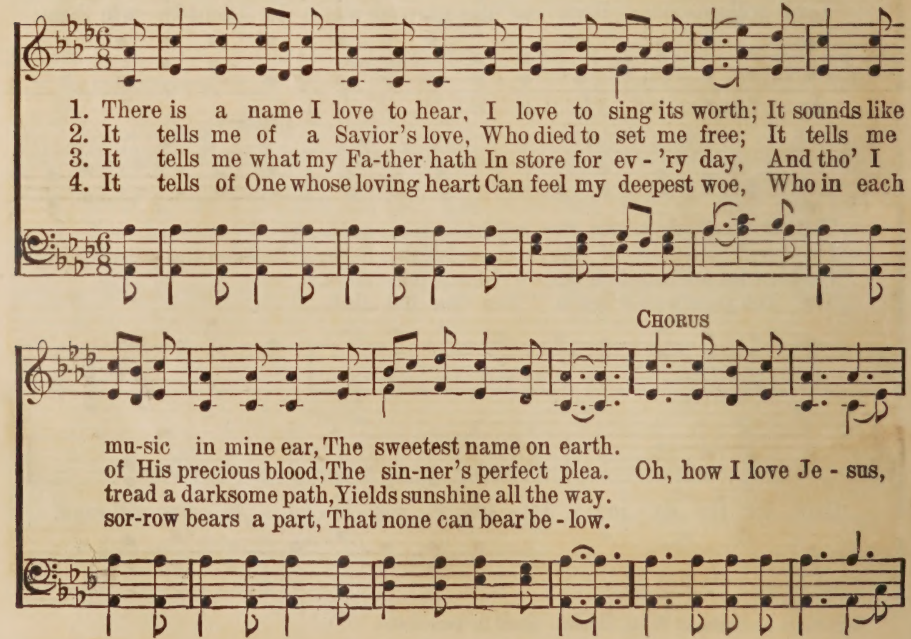
107 Amazing Grace

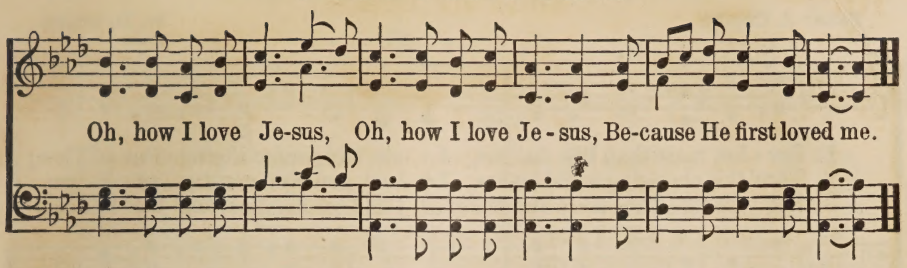
JOHN NEWTON — Arr. by A. C. F.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,
5. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun,
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
We've no less days to sing God's praise, Than when we've first be - gun.

108 O How I Love Jesus


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each
CHORUS
mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's perfect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus,
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.

O How I Love Jesus



109 Near the Cross

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
CHORUS
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

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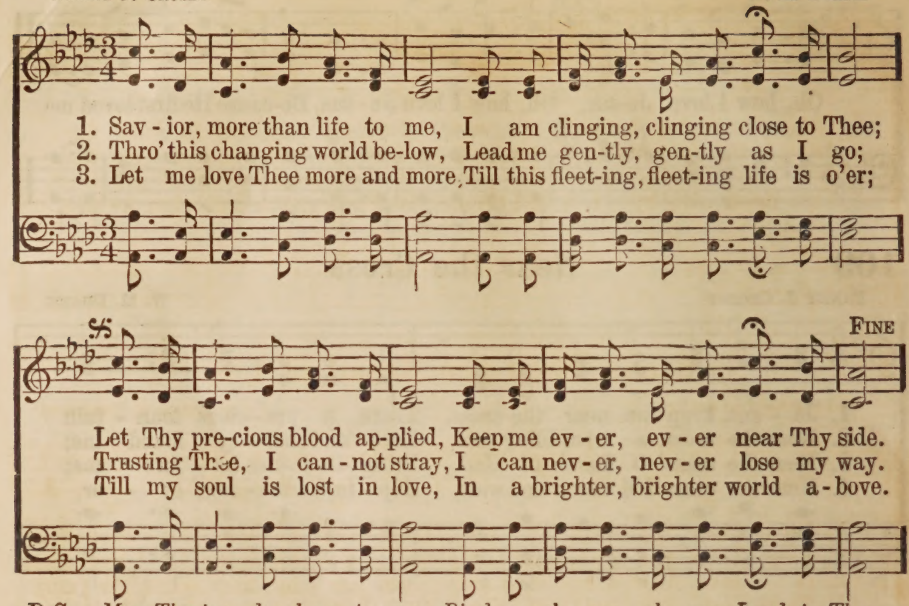
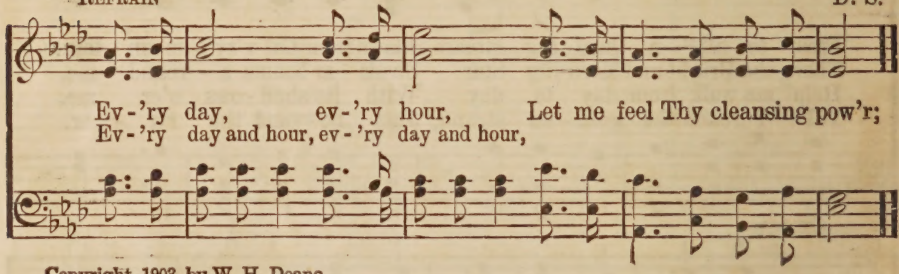
110 Savior, More Than Life

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
FINE
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.
D.S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.

REFRAIN D. S.



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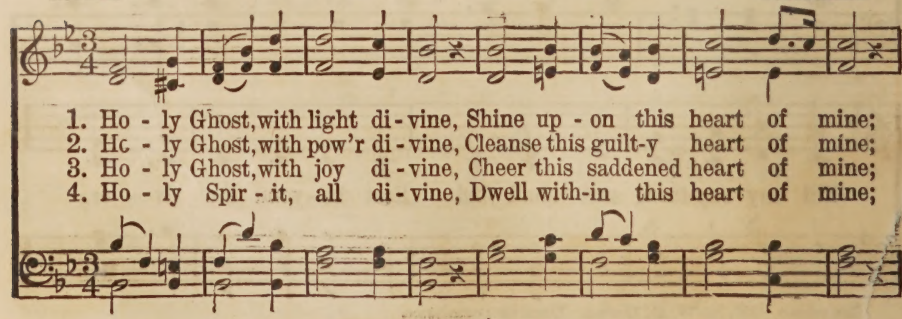
111 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

A. REED GOTTSCHALK


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con-trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man-y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed - ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne. Reign su-preme—and reign a - lone.

112 Break Thou the Bread of Life

MARY ANN LATHBURY WILLIAM F. SHERWIN

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2, Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst
3. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may
4. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With-in Thy Word, And in Thy book re-vealed I see the Lord.
With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.

113 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Mrs. Lydia Baxter — W. H. Doane

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.
Chorus
Pre-cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!... Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

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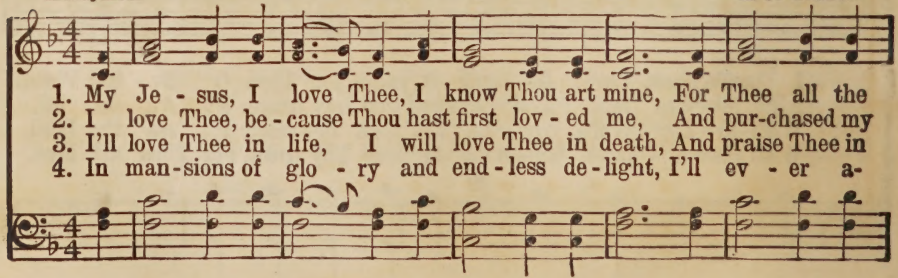
114 My Jesus, I Love Thee

Anonymous — A. J. Gordon

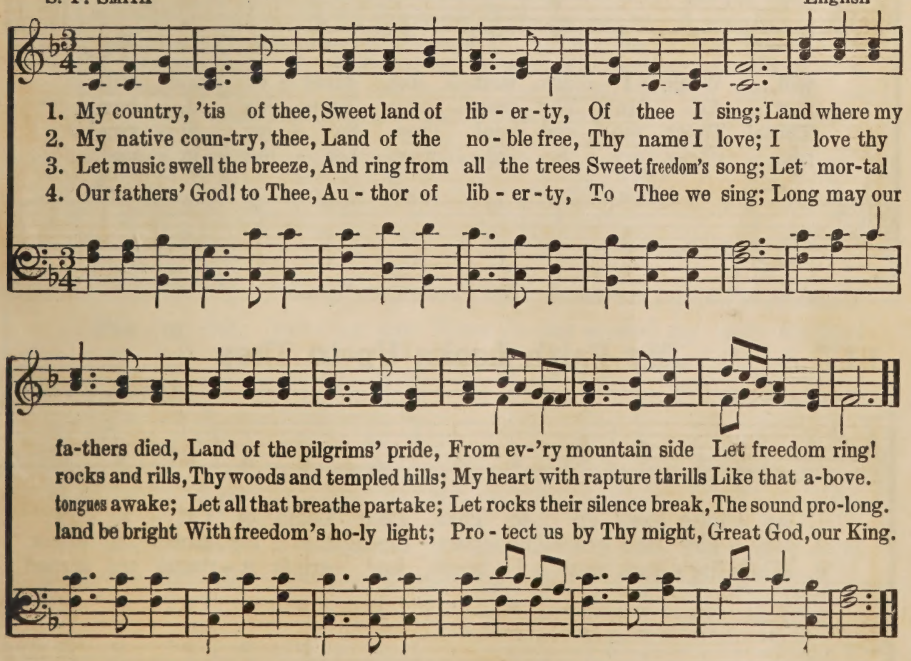

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur-chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee in
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-

My Jesus, I Love Thee

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - r I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

115 America

S. F. Smith — English


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My native coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

116 Have Thine Own Way, Lord

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS

Slowly

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way!.. Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay... Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas-ter, to - day!... Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray!. Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway!. Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will,... While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still...
now,... As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow...
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!..
see.... Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!....

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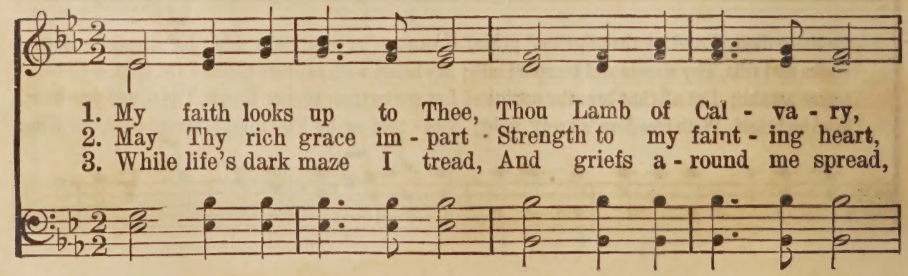
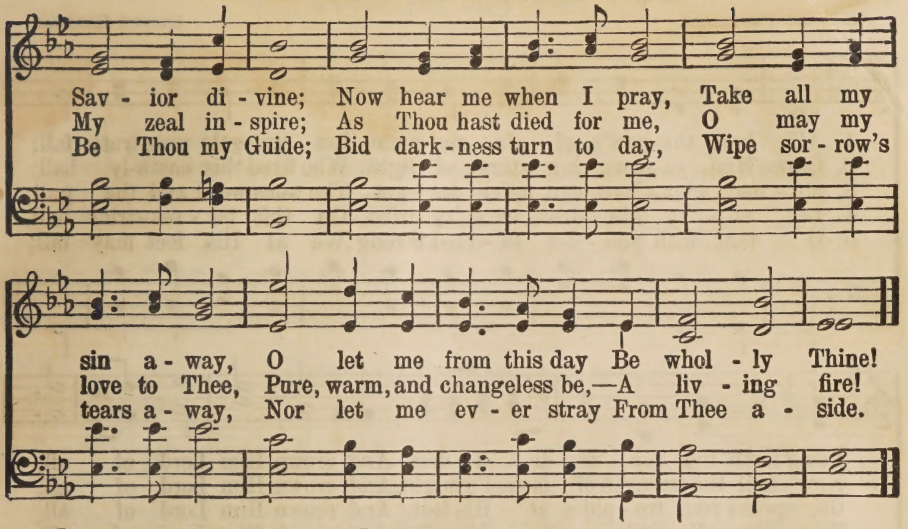
117 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

RAY PALMER LOWELL MASON

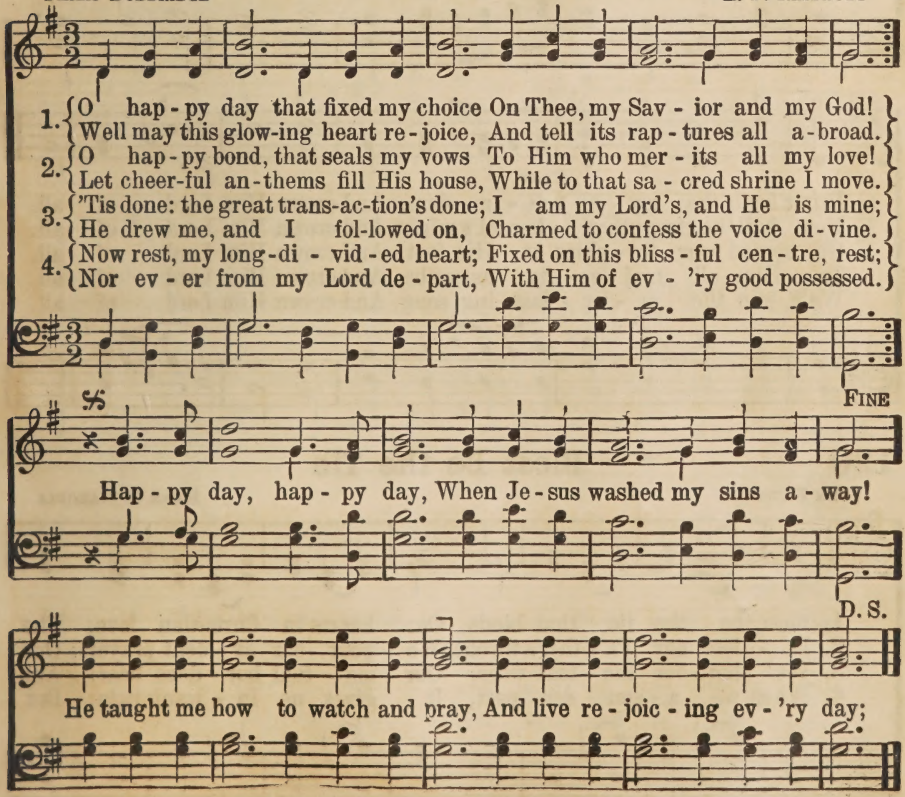

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,

My Faith Looks Up to Thee


Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me when I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

118 O Happy Day

PHILIP DODDRIDGE — E. F. RIMBAULT


1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. 'Tis done: the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine.
4. Now rest, my long-di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.
FINE
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

119 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

EDWARD PERRONET — OLIVER HOLDEN

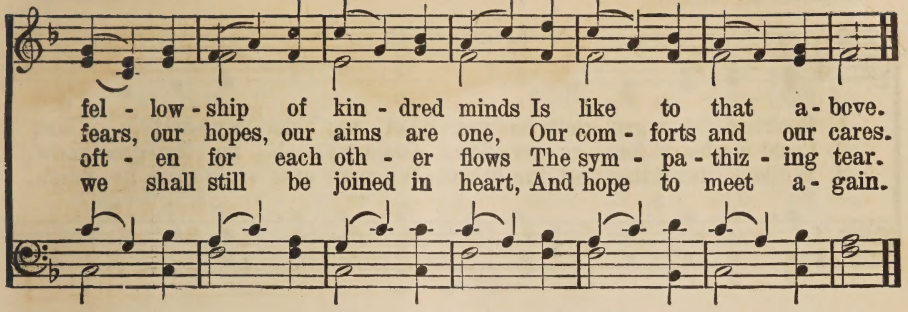
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

120 Blest Be the Tie

JOHN FAWCETT — HANS G. NAEGELI

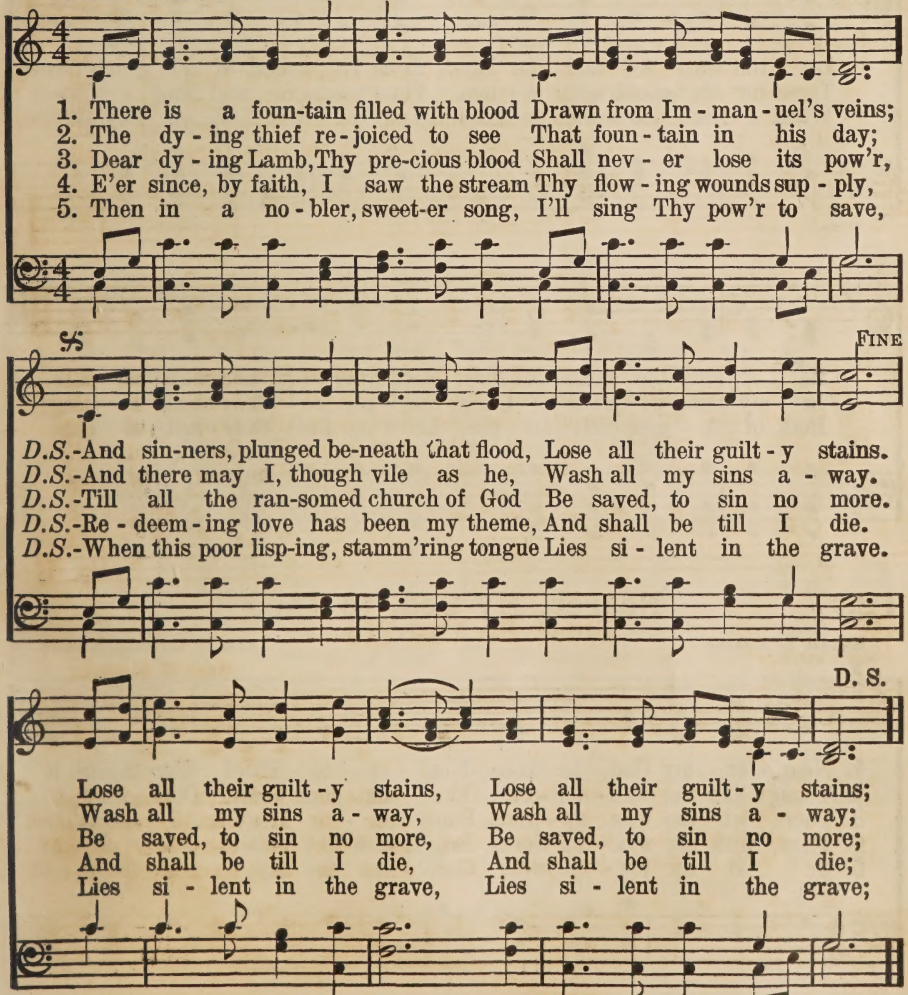
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But

Blest Be the Tie


fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

121 There is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER — LOWELL MASON


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
FINE
D.S.-And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S.-And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
D.S.-Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
D.S.-Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
D.S.-When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

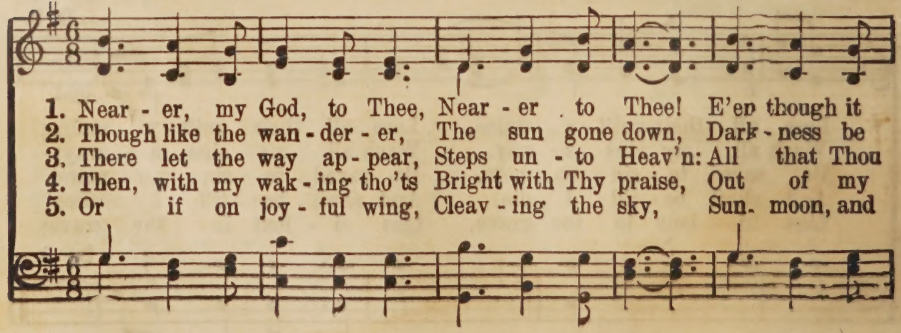
122 Rock of Ages

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY — THOMAS HASTINGS

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

123 Nearer, My God, to Thee

SARAH F. ADAMS — Arr. by LOWELL MASON


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee

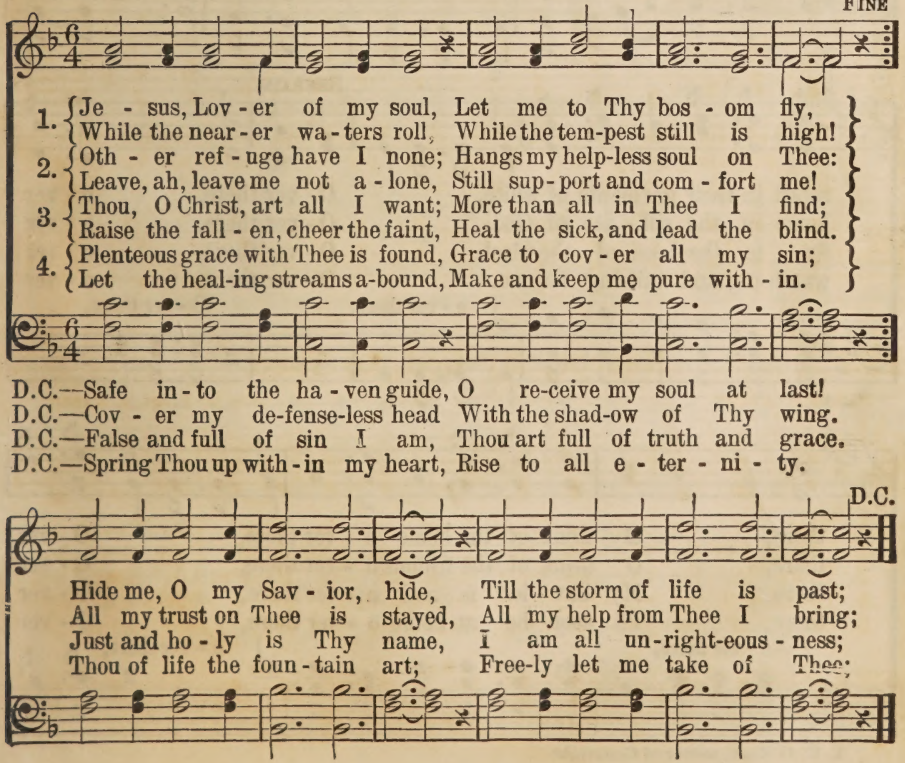
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

124 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

S. B. MARSH

FINE


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal-ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
D.C.—Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

The Home Over There

D. W. C. HUNTINGTON — TULLIUS C. O'KANE

1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I
light, Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
see; Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
o - ver there,
REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
watch-ing and wait-ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver
o - ver there.
O - ver there,
there, O think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
there, O think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, O - ver
there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
o - ver there,
o - ver there,

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The Home Over There

there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
there, o - ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
O - ver there,

126 Glory to His Name

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN Rev. J. H. STOCKTON

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

FINE

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.
bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Sav-ior's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made com-plete; Glo-ry to His name.

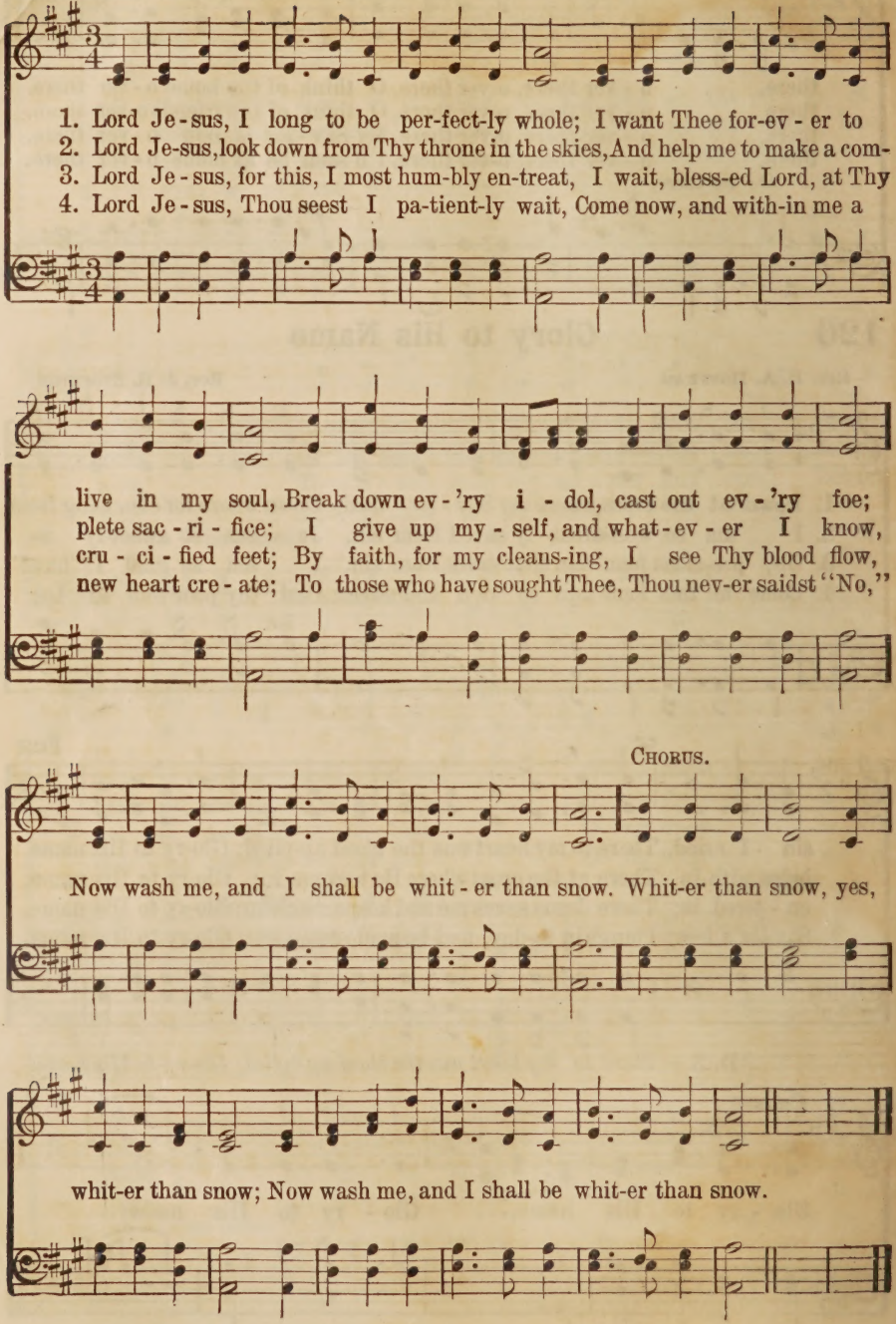
D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name.*

CHORUS D. S.

Glo - ry to His name,... Glo - ry to His name;...

Whiter Than Snow

JAMES NICHOLSON — WM. G. FISCHER


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this, I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy
4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient-ly wait, Come now, and with-in me a
live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know,
cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow,
new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev-er saidst "No,"
CHORUS.
Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

I Love to Tell the Story

CATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem
Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in
tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old
CHORUS
longings As noth - ing else can do.
rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
sto - ry That I have loved so long.
be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

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129 Take Time to Be Holy

W. D. LONGSTAFF — GEO. C. STEBBINS

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on;.. Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide, And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul;. Each tho't and each
al - ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's chil - dren;
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look - ing to Je - sus,
fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;.. In joy or in sor - row,
mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;.. Thus led by His Spir - it
Help those who are weak; For - get-ting in noth-ing His bless-ing to seek.
Like Him thou shalt be;.. Thy friends in thy con-duct His likeness shall see..
Still fol - low thy Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
To foun-tains of love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove.

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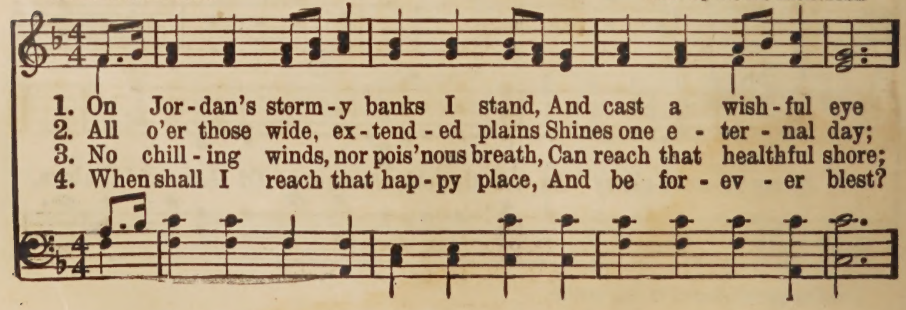
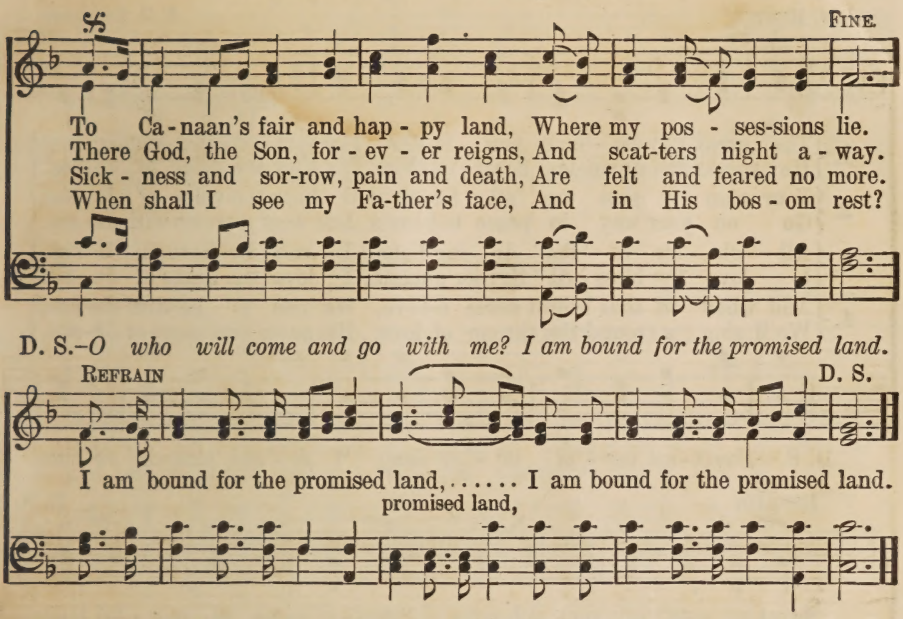
130 On Jordan's Stormy Banks

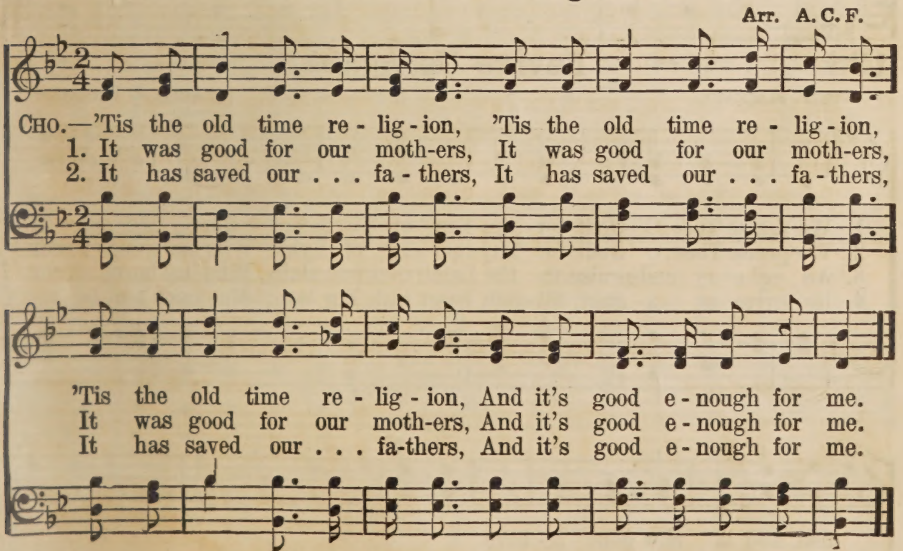
SAMUEL STENNETT — Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks


FINE.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
D. S.–O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land.
REFRAIN
D. S.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land.
promised land,

131 The Old Time Religion

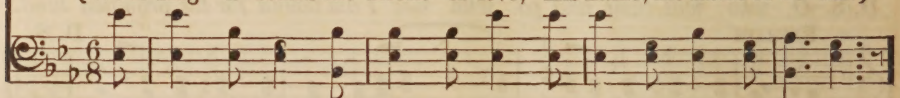

Arr. A. C. F.
CHO.—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
2. It has saved our . . . fa-thers, It has saved our . . . fa-thers,
'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, And it's good e-nough for me.
It has saved our . . . fa-thers, And it's good e-nough for me.

3. Makes me love everybody.
4. It was tried in the fiery furnace.
5. It was good for Paul and Silas.
6. It will do when I am dying.
7. It will take us all to heaven.

132 The Great Physician

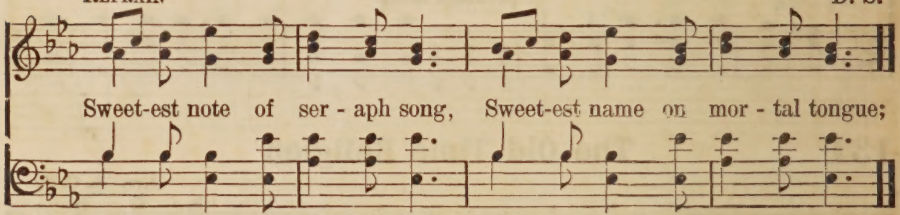
WM. HUNTER J. H. STOCKTON

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is here, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
   He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, O hear the voice of Je - sus;
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
   I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
4. And when to that bright world a-bove, We rise to be with Je - sus,
   We'll sing a - round the throne of love, His name, the name of Je - sus.



D. S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

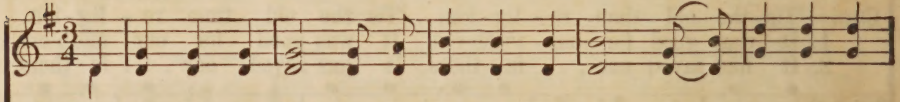
REFRAIN D. S.



Sweet-est note of ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;

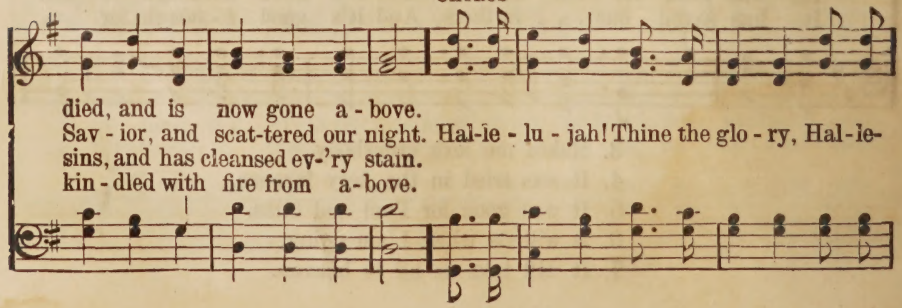
133 Revive Us Again

WM. P. MACKAY JOHN J. HUSBAND



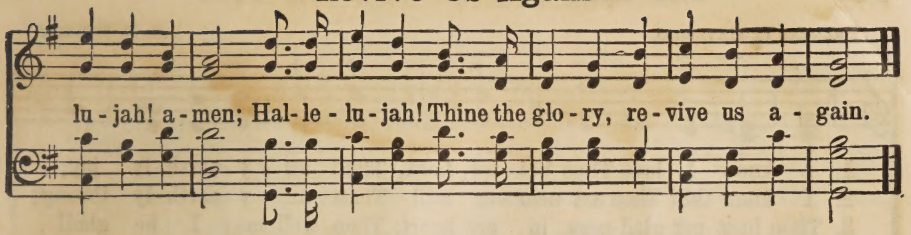
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

CHORUS



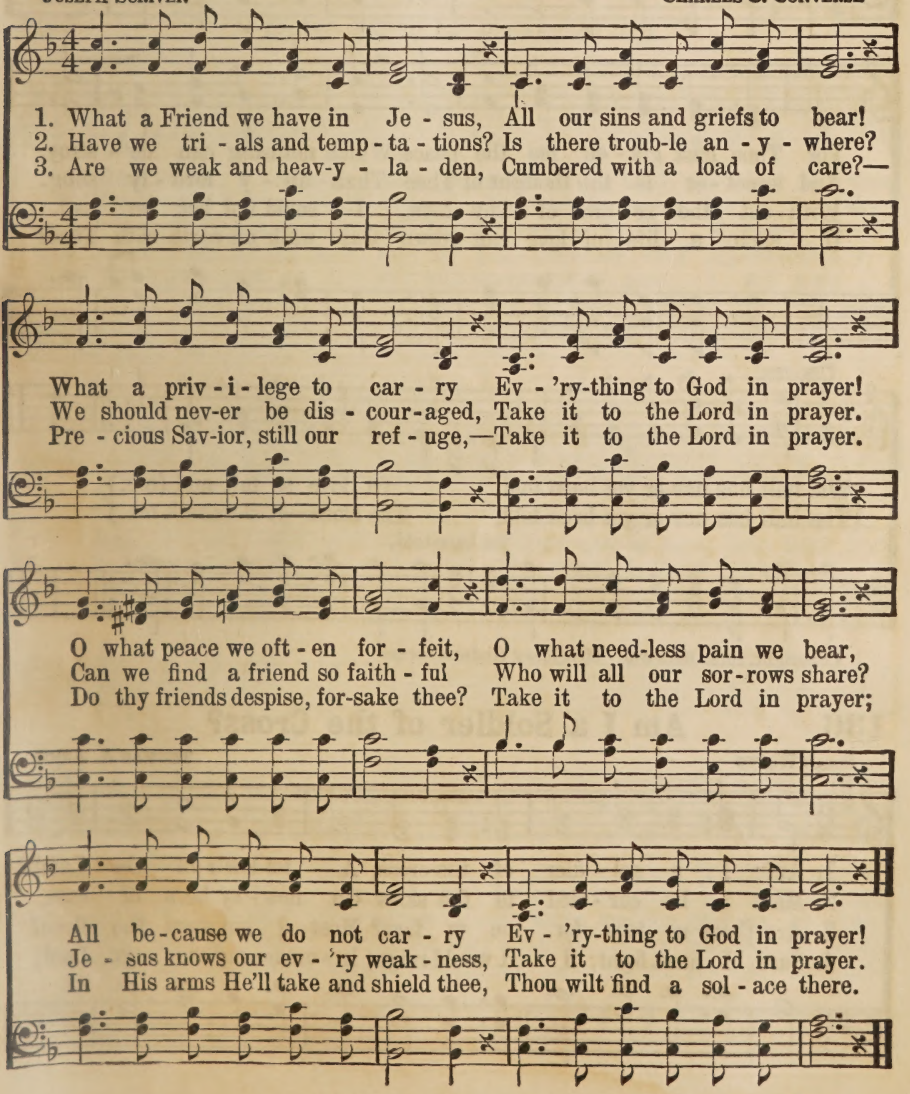
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal-le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-
sins, and has cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

Revive Us Again



134 What a Friend

JOSEPH SCRIVEN — CHARLES C. CONVERSE


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

135 The Half Has Never Been Told

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL — R. E. HUDSON

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth-ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS.
{The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
{The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told,

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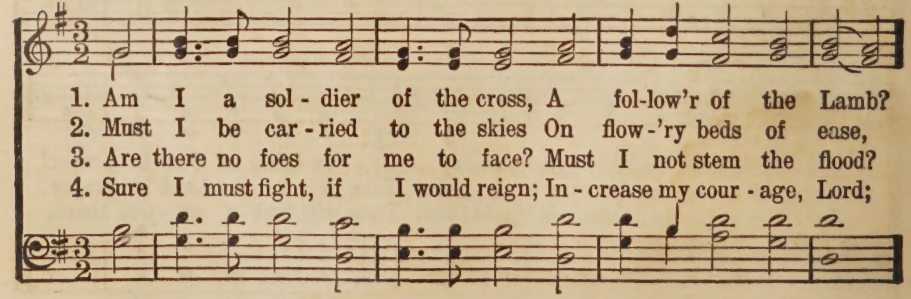
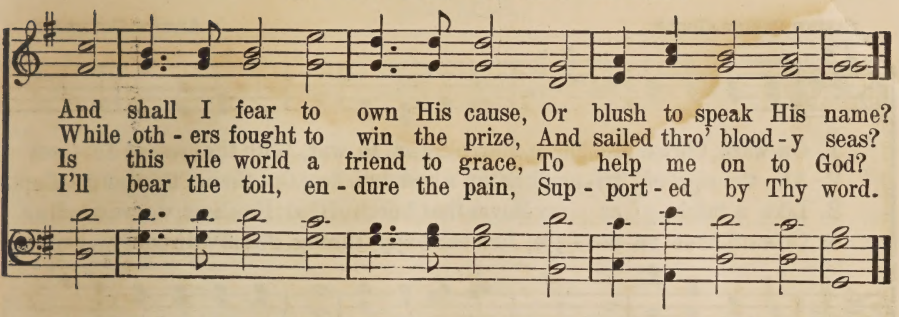
136 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS — THOMAS A. ARNE

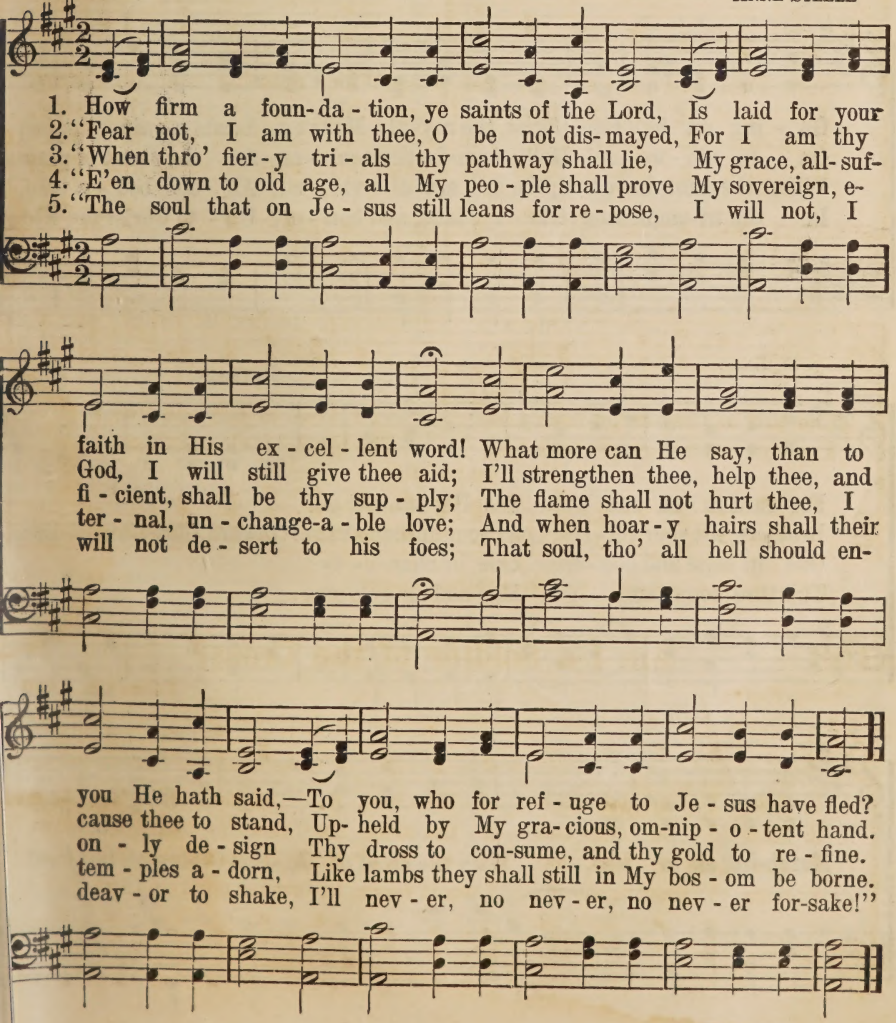

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

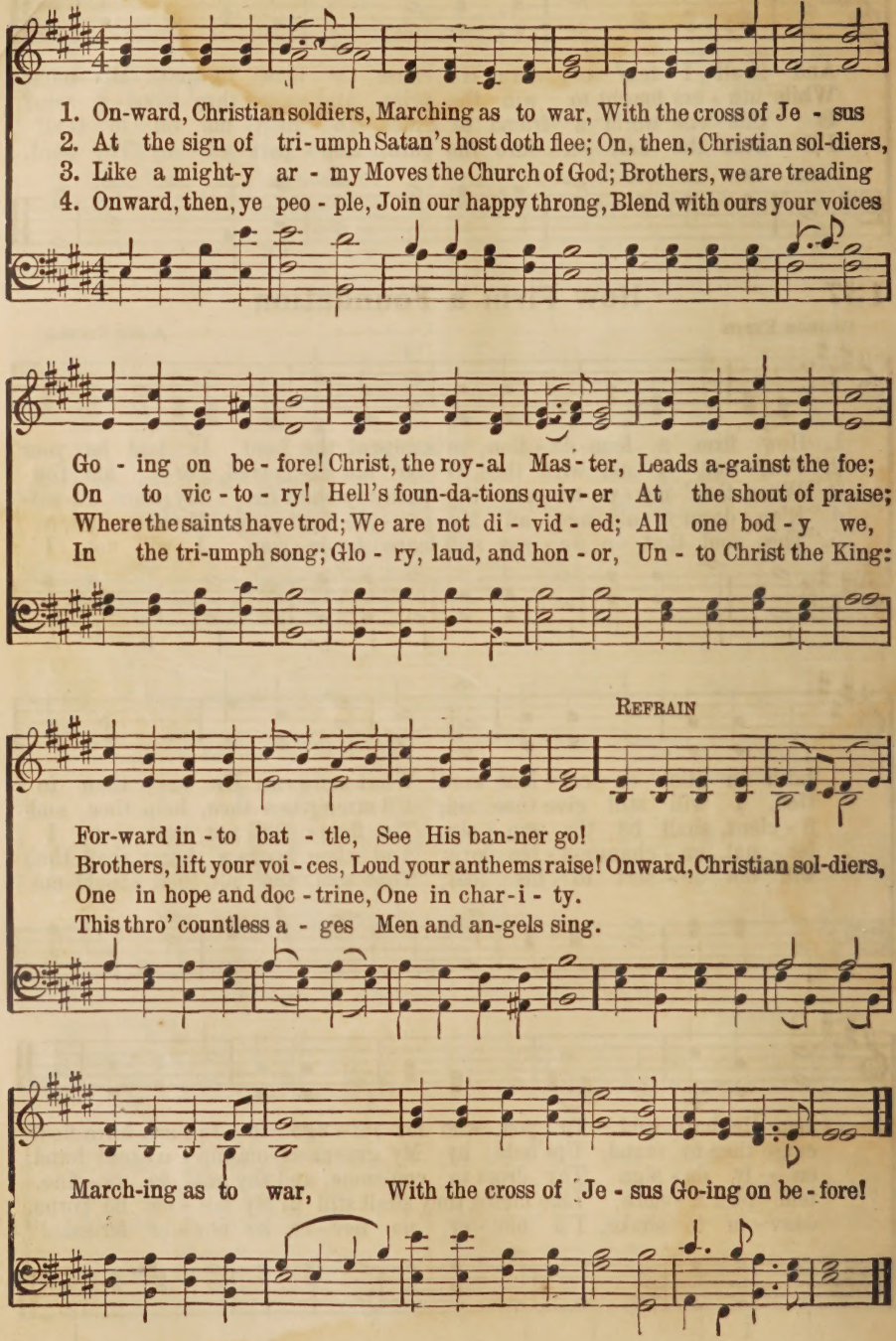
137 How Firm a Foundation

GEORGE KEITH — ANNE STEELE


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all - suf -
4. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove My sovereign, e -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not hurt thee, I
ter - nal, un - change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not de - sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en -
you He hath said,—To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for - sake!"

Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD — ARTHUR SULLIVAN


1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian sol-diers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:
REFRAIN
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian sol-diers,
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore!

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